The Outlook

Vol. 61 March 25, 1899 No. 12

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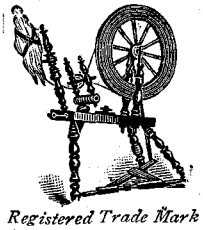

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The Outlook

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Senatorial Scandals The recent history of Senatorial ballotings has been simply the history of Senatorial scandals. The three Legislatures that have adjourned without electing a Senator—Utah, California, and Delaware—were the scenes of degrading transactions. In Utah, indeed, the majority of the legislative committee appointed to investigate reported that there was no legal evidence against the millionaire candidate charged with bribery; but the findings of the minority, coupled with the admissions of the majority, showed that money was being used with at least dangerous prodigality. In California the scandals already recounted were followed by others towards the close of the session. On Saturday it was charged that one of the candidates had been offered a large sum of money to withdraw, and there were many reports of attempted bribery of individual legislators in behalf of Mr. Burns. This candidate disclaimed all responsibility for the offers alleged to have been made; but when a recess was proposed during the final session, the supporters of Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., defeated it on the avowed ground that it would afford an opportunity to corrupt doubtful legislators. In Delaware, according to the Wilmington "Morning News," the Addicks Republicans, at the beginning of the last session, showed confidence that their candidate would win, and when, on the first ballot, two Democrats of social standing voted for "John Edward Addicks," and on the next ballot a third Democrat followed them, there was fear that corruption had completely triumphed. The three men who thus betrayed their constituents were urged in vain by ex-Congressman Hardy to save their honor by returning to party lines; but all that appeals and protests could accomplish was to prevent a further break in the ranks until the session closed. With the adjournment, the three men who went over to the "barrel" candidate became the objects of public execration—their families also, in a most pitiful way, receiving the marks of the odium which they had incurred. At the end of a couple of days two of the three expressed their penitence, and professed that only a desire to keep open the breach in the Republican ranks had inspired their action; but the ignominy could not thus be blotted out. Whether bribery shall be proven or not, the shame incurred by these three men will always seem to upright citizens a far worse outcome of the contest than death. In Pennsylvania the Democratic legislator accused by his colleagues of offering them bribes to vote for the new jury bill favorable to ex-Senator Quay makes the pitiful claim that his talk about money was merely in joke. Altogether, the demand for the direct election of United States Senators has become as urgent upon moral as upon political grounds.

❀

The Campaign in Luzon The military operations of last week near Pasig included the capture of that town and two or three smaller places, with slight loss, although after considerable resistance by the enemy. At Taguig, northeast of Pasig, on Saturday, the Filipinos (Tagals would perhaps be a more accurate word) actually attacked our position, but were easily repelled. On Sunday a general advance was made southward from Taguig by General Wheaton's flying column, and the enemy was driven for fifteen miles, losing perhaps 1,000 killed and wounded, while our loss was seven killed and about thirty wounded. Several villages were burned. This gives General Wheaton full com-

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mand of the territory at the west end of Laguna de Bai. The object and plan of this part of our campaign have now become quite clear. By holding the territory east from Manila to Pasig, our army has cut off the native forces in the south of Luzon from those in the north, for Pasig itself is near the inland sea, Laguna de Bai, which can be patrolled by gunboats, while at the eastern end of the Bai there are only a few miles between the lake and the ocean, and a war-ship in the latter can cover this narrow strip. It is thought that the enemy in the southern territory thus cut off can easily be dealt with, because the land is fairly level and accessible. In the north and northeastern part of Luzon, on the other hand, there are extensive and wild mountainous tracts in which the natives may be able to maintain such an irregular warfare as the Cubans carried on so long against Spain in the eastern part of Cuba. The military operations of recent occurrence have been under General Wheaton, who commands one of the two divisions into which the American army has just been reorganized. General Lawton commands the other, and presumably will push his advance from Caloocan northward or eastward, perhaps having as an objective Malolos, where Aguinaldo is supposed to be. The Oregon has reached Manila after another of her famous long voyages made with her usual certainty, celerity, and security. From Iloilo there is reported a repulse of the insurgents, with a loss of about 200 killed and wounded. There seems to be no organized resistance in any islands except Luzon and Panay.

❀

The Cuban "Assembly" Time will be the chief factor in solving the Cuban problems growing out of the clash between General Gomez and the military "Assembly," and at present it seems likely that no long period of waiting will be needed. The $3,000,000 sent from the United States is now ready for distribution, and many of the Cuban officers who were most active in service have gone to their troops to oversee their payment and subsequent disbanding. Other officers will stand by the "Assembly" and refuse to take part in the payment or disbanding. Thus it is probable that, after the money has been paid, there will still exist some bodies of Cuban soldiers; but the drift of events will soon cause these to disappear, probably without coercion by General Brooke. We believe that the most earnest friends of Cuba's independence are convinced that it can be reached far quicker and better without the continuance of this irregular, unauthorized, and unrepresentative "Assembly," the former powers of which were derived solely from the Cuban army, although it is now distrusted and disliked by the majority of Cuban soldiers; while the continued presence in the island of bands of soldiers, living on the people and having no legal status, is anomalous and not conducive to peaceful settlement for the future. General Gomez has bravely and trustfully recognized this, and (with many exceptions, of course) the people at large support his attitude. When the time comes for organizing self-government in Cuba, the movement must be a universal one, ignoring past factions and enmities. In Havana there have been attacks on the police by vicious negroes, and several of the police have been killed and wounded.

❀

The Treaty with Spain The Queen Regent of Spain, in signing the treaty with the United States, has shown a brave readiness to assume responsibility in contrast with the refusal of the recent quarrelsome and vacillating Cortes. Neither Sagasta nor Silvela was desirous of being closely connected with the unpopular but necessary act, and legislators and ministers alike are quite willing to let the Queen Regent usurp the constitutional right of the Cortes, regardless of precedent for the future. Naturally, from the American point of view, and that of international law, it makes not the slightest difference whether the Spanish ratification comes from the Crown or the Cortes; in either case it is binding and final. There remains now nothing but the formal exchange of ratifications to make the treaty law. M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, is to act for Spain, and upon the arrival from Madrid of the Spanish draft of the treaty with the Queen's signature, the ceremony of exchange will take place, probably at the White House, and thereafter regular ami-

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cable relations between the two countries may be resumed at convenience. Negotiations are now going on informally looking to some method of securing the release of the Spanish prisoners held by Aguinaldo. They are said to number six thousand, including some women; and as General Otis has refused to allow Spain to buy their release and thereby increase Aguinaldo's fighting capital, the question is a difficult one.

❀

The Beef Scandal The Army Commission has of late been in Chicago and Omaha inquiring into methods of cooking and packing beef. In the course of the inquiry it has been shown that the "canned roast beef" was, in fact, not roast beef at all, but beef boiled until most of the goodness was boiled out of it to be used in beef extract; that the animals used for the purpose were of a poor grade; and that there was a physical possibility of tampering with the meat at the packing-houses after Government inspection had ended. As to the refrigerated beef, some witnesses testified that it was largely spoiled before being given out for use; in this connection there is significance in the testimony of a member of one of the great packing firms, that the clause in the contract calling for seventy-two hours' preservation of the meat after landing was modified to read twenty-four hours by General Eagan himself—a positive contradiction of General Eagan's statement. In the intervals of its inquiry into processes, the Commission found time to hear several army men testify that the canned beef was—to quote only a few sample phrases—"nauseating," "unfit for food," "foul-smelling," "sickening and weakening." Dr. J. B. Shaw said: "Most of the meat we received we buried; it was either bury the meat or bury the soldiers."

❀

Mr. Rhodes at Berlin The rapid changes of fortune through which public men pass was strikingly illustrated last week in the case of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. It is not many months since that able and aggressive empire-builder in South Africa was on trial in London, hated by the Germans, disliked by a large section of his own countrymen, and in doubtful repute even with those who believed in his policy. Last week Mr. Rhodes was in personal conference with the Emperor of Germany, was treated with the greatest consideration, appears to have had a franker talk with his Majesty than is generally accorded to Ambassadors, and apparently accomplished all that he had in view. At the end of the Jameson raid there were many who believed that he was by no means at the end of his resources, and that he had suffered only a passing discomfiture; but it seemed as if he had incurred the implacable hostility of Germany. The Emperor has seen a great light in the direction of co-operation between men of English blood. He has taken every opportunity of disavowing hostility to this country; he sent Mr. Kipling a rather effusive message in which he spoke from the standpoint of the Teutonic race, as if anxious to put himself in the category with England and America; and now he has apparently emphasized his friendly feeling toward England by receiving Mr. Rhodes with conspicuous courtesy and respect. The moral results of Mr. Rhodes's visit to Berlin are evident and important; the visit is also likely to have political and financial results of great importance, but they are yet to manifest themselves. The paramount object at present is to secure the conditions necessary for the carrying out of his gigantic project of a great railway from Egypt to the Cape.

❀

Cairo-to-Cape Taking advantage of the Emperor's more sympathetic attitude toward England, Mr. Rhodes has secured, it is reported, permission from the German Government to run the proposed road across the strip of German territory which divides the two great areas of English influence in northern and southern Africa. If this be true, Mr. Rhodes has removed the political obstacles which stood in the path of his colossal scheme; but the engineering and financial obstacles are still to be dealt with. The engineers are practically agreed that they can do anything if they have money enough. There is a limit, however, to the willingness of even so rich a country as England to put money into an enterprise which must wait so long for returns as this great railway system.

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The "Cape-to-Cairo" railway, unlike our transcontinental roads and the great road which Russia is building across Asia, will not be constructed as a continuous road; it will consist of a succession of separate railroads with connected lines of steamboats. Already about fourteen hundred miles of road have been built from Cape Town to Buluwayo, and this section is being rapidly advanced so as to touch the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. When this is completed, the roadbed will be almost as long as that from New York to San Francisco. Lake Tanganyika will form part of the great highway. Above Lake Tanganyika the road will probably have to cross several hundred miles of German territory, or take a very circuitous route. This will bring it to Uganda; whence the great highway will be carried to the Mediterranean partly by rail and partly by river; the whole route covering a distance of not less than five thousand miles. This trunk-line will be reinforced by a great number of branch roads, about ten of which have already been projected. When complete, the system will open up the entire continent, and the phrase "Dark Continent" will become a misnomer.

❀

The London Government Bill

The London Government Bill, introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Balfour, does not directly attack the London County Council—whose aggressive collectivism has alarmed the Conservatives—but rather provides for the local administration of great metropolitan districts by agencies more local than the Council. Instead of a centralized city government, like that of Greater New York, the bill proposes for Greater London a decentralized government through something like a score of boroughs, each of which shall have a city's right to promote bills in its behalf before Parliament. The lines of the bill are not sharply drawn, and one of the strongest criticisms urged against it is that it leaves nearly everything of importance to future orders of the Privy Council. Nevertheless, the dividing up of the city into boroughs, in so far as the bill definitely provides for it, is attacked by the Progressive majority in the County Council, on the ground that it divides the city into rich boroughs and poor boroughs—to the manifest disadvantage of the residents in the latter. Especially are the Progressives aggrieved because the bill leaves untouched the privileges of the old City of London, where immense wealth is centered in a small area almost exclusively given over to business. It is felt that to equalize the burden of taxation further unification is demanded. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note that the most advanced Progressives, while demanding a unified tax system, recognize the necessity of "local bodies exercising certain local functions within the local areas," and practically indorse the plan of federated boroughs rather than a consolidated city. This tendency in London, we learn from a recent admirable editorial in "Engineering News," is but the counterpart of a pronounced and healthful tendency in our country to substitute municipal co-operation for municipal consolidation. The score or more of towns in the neighborhood of Boston, says this journal, have developed their sewerage, water, and park systems as harmoniously under special acts for those special purposes as if a single act for the creation of a Greater Boston had made them merge all their rights of self-government in the centralized organization controlling the affairs of the metropolis. Inasmuch as America stands for local self-government, this tendency toward municipal federation rather than consolidation will doubtless awaken an instinctive sympathy in American minds.

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The Trust-Forming Mania

The phenomenal organization of trusts last year almost sinks into commonplace when compared with that now going forward. Last year, as we have stated, the authorized capital of the newly formed combinations was $916,000,000—which seemed a veritable industrial empire, since it equaled the entire wealth of this Nation at the taking of its first census. But last year's figure, stupendous as it seemed, has been exceeded by that of the first two months of the present year ($1,106,000,000), while the present month there are rumors of the organization of a single trust—the American Copper Company—with a capital of $1,000,000,000, and well-authenticated

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reports of new combinations in leather, paper, knit goods, sheet steel, school furniture, woolens, clothing, silverware, writing-paper, oysters, canned goods, etc., etc., which promise that the March record will exceed anything preceding. The agitation against these trusts, with the view of protecting consumers, does not seem to be gathering much headway, though a few Republican papers have advocated the removal of the tariff wherever it protects monopoly extortions; but an agitation against the trusts with a view to protect investors has gained needed support in influential quarters. Many of the trusts recently organized are of the flimsiest possible character, and the story that the organizer of one of them absolutely refused to take his pay in securities may easily be believed. Take, for example, the trust in canned goods. Every kitchen in the country can enter the field against it. Even if it unites all the great canneries, and, by advancing prices ten per cent., advances profits twenty per cent., such advance can be only temporary, since such profits would multiply new canneries until the last state of that industry, as well as of the public, would be worse than the first. Yet combinations like these—as well as combinations where a long-continued monopoly is possible—are being floated upon the market at a capitalization out of all proportion to the capital invested in the establishments consolidated. The season is certainly one which calls for the reprinting of Macaulay's famous description of the mania for joint-stock companies two centuries ago.

❀

A Page of History Lord Macaulay says: "A crowd of projectors, ingenious and absurd, honest and knavish, employed themselves in devising new schemes for the employment of redundant capital. It was about the year 1688 that the word stock-jobber was first heard in London. In the short space of four years a crowd of companies, every one of which confidently held out to subscribers the hope of immense gains, sprang into existence: The Insurance Company, the Paper Company, the Lutestring Company, the Pearl Fishery Company, the Glass Bottle Company, the Alum Company, the Blythe Coal Company, the Sword Blade Company. There was a Copper Company, which proposed to explore the mines of England, and held out a hope that they would prove not less valuable than those of Potosi. There was a Greenland Fishing Company, which could not fail to drive the Dutch whalers and herring-busses out of the Northern Ocean. There was a Tanning Company, which promised to furnish leather superior to the best that was brought from Turkey or Russia. . . . Our country witnessed for the first time those phenomena with which a long experience has made us familiar. A mania of which the symptoms were essentially the same with those of the mania of 1720, of the mania of 1825, of the mania of 1845, seized the public mind. An impatience to be rich, a contempt for those slow but sure gains which are the proper reward of industry, patience, and thrift, spread through society. The spirit of the cogging dicers of Whitefriars took possession of the grave Senators of the City, Wardens of Trades, Deputies, Aldermen. It was much easier and much more lucrative to put forth a lying prospectus announcing a new stock, to persuade ignorant people that the dividends could not fall short of twenty per cent., and to part with five thousand pounds of this imaginary wealth for ten thousand solid guineas, than to load a ship with a well-chosen cargo for Virginia or the Levant. Every day some new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, burst, and was forgotten."

❀

Workhouse Versus Whipping-Post The Delaware Legislature, which adjourned last week, took an important step toward the abandonment of the pillory and whipping-post. Delaware has always justified herself in holding to these ancient instruments of punishment because of her position between the two large cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia, whose criminals might otherwise make asylums of her county jails, since these have had no labor or reformatory discipline. The recent act of the Legislature makes this excuse no longer valid. Five years ago the Delaware Union for Public Good, composed of prominent men and women in each county, and backed by the bar of the State, brought forward, through

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Chief Justice Love, a bill for a State workhouse, in which modern prison methods should supersede the old and inadequate county jail system. The bill was defeated, only to be brought up before the next Legislature, where it was again lost. However, the Union has persevered, exposed the disgraceful conditions of the present jails, and educated public sentiment, in Wilmington at least, thoroughly to support the measure. This year, in the midst of the Senatorial deadlock, the bill was again introduced, and was finally passed three weeks ago, by a bare majority; but it was then found that the new Constitution forbids any State appropriation for such an institution except by a three-quarters vote. Nothing daunted, the Chief Justice, finding that the requisite majority could not be had, substituted an amended bill, making the workhouse a county one; and this bill passed before adjournment by an almost unanimous vote, thus ending the long fight by a final victory. The new workhouse is to cost $100,000, and is to be managed by six unsalaried trustees appointed by the resident Superior Court Judges of the county. In contrast to the old jail, a crowded, unsanitary, and antiquated structure, the new workhouse will be built upon the most improved model, and be managed on modern reformatory lines, with hard labor at various trades, the indeterminate sentence, pay for overtime work, etc. As the need for the whipping-post is thus gradually reduced, it is hoped that it will be relegated to the past.

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The Librarian of Congress

The failure of the Senate to confirm the appointment of Mr. Barrows as Librarian of Congress appears to have been due in part to Mr. Barrows's ill-advised activity in his own behalf and to his unfortunate published interview with himself, and in part to the determination of the Senatorial Committee that an expert should be put in the position. We hope to see the Senate apply this principle to other departments of the public service. The appointment of Mr. Herbert Putnam meets with the unqualified approval of all those who have hoped that the President would be controlled entirely in his selection of a man for this important position by professional and personal character and competency. It is unlucky that the Nation must gain the services of Mr. Putnam at the expense of the Boston Public Library, an institution which exerts an influence far beyond the limits of the city in which it is placed; but that Library cannot serve the cause for which it stands more effectively than by surrendering its Librarian to the Congressional Library. Mr. Putnam is the youngest son of the late George P. Putnam, the well-known publisher of this city. He is a graduate of Harvard University and of the Law School of Columbia University. He began his career as a librarian in Minnesota. The Minneapolis Public Library was founded through his efforts, and has become one of the most useful and progressive libraries in the country. In 1891 he was chosen Librarian of the Boston Public Library—a position which he has since filled with conspicuous success, both from the professional and the popular point of view; that is to say, he has constantly increased the resources of the library and as constantly studied to make them accessible to the public. Mr. Putnam's name had behind it the enthusiastic indorsement of the librarians of the country; and Mr. Putnam has behind him a record of unusual educational opportunities in his own department and unusual success in the management of libraries. He will go to Washington at a considerable loss of salary, and probably to a much more difficult position than that which he now holds; but he will have the compensation of a great opportunity—the highest compensation which a man of his quality and aims can receive. The announcement that the President has assured Mr. Putnam that he shall be entirely untrammeled by politics in the administration of his trust was hardly necessary. Under Mr. Putnam's management the library will be not only a great collection of books, but one of the institutions of higher learning in the country. Its arrangements are so admirable, its housing so noble, its resources already so ample, that it is monthly growing in usefulness; but it is only at the beginning of its development in the public service.

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Library Possibilities

Mr. Melvil Dewey, in talking the other day with a representative of the New York

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"Times," put forth some novel and distinctively suggestive ideas about the extension of the usefulness of great public libraries. The immediate subject was the proposal to build a worthy home at Albany for the State Library, which is growing so fast that it cannot be properly accommodated in the Capitol. This led Mr. Dewey to comment on the folly, in planning for a library, of not allowing a large margin for future accretions. He believes that a State library should be for the State what the National Library is for Congress and the country—a great repository "where practically all the books that are published can be preserved and handed on, not only for the use of the State officers, but for the use of the 1,136 institutions that compose the State University, for the use of every individual in the State, and also as a mere record of the remarkable activity of the times." Coming to the practical question as to how the private citizen could use such a library, Mr. Dewey said:

> The time is coming, and it is not far distant, when every home of cultivation and of modern affluence will have a long-distance telephone. It will be as common a possession as a bath-tub, or an open fire in winter-time. When this is the case, any person in any part of the State can call up the State Library for any information he wants on any subject. We have now a set of clerks whose business it is to look after telephone inquiries. Anybody at any time can call us up and say, "Have such and such a thing looked up for me; have it copied, translated, if necessary, and have the copy attested by a notary, and mail it to me." We do this in the shortest time possible, more accurately than the inquirer could do it himself, and we charge only for the time used. The day will soon come when we shall be receiving such demands from all parts of the State over long-distance wires. When this comes to pass, and doctors, lawyers, scientists, and other citizens understand that they can use us, then the State Library will be fulfilling its true function. It will be literally the property of every person in the State, and will be in constant daily use by hundreds both in Albany and elsewhere.

A good illustration of the possible enlargement of library helpfulness is seen in the recent addition of a "legislative librarian" to the staff at Albany. He has for his specialty sociology; and it is significant that, according to Mr. Dewey's estimate, eighty per cent. of legislation touches the field of sociology. The Albany legislator has but to call on the new "legislative librarian" for facts bearing on a given topic and the whole subject is carefully looked up and exact information furnished. There are many other ways in which the special student, the public official, and the legislator can get practical value out of a well-managed public library. The excellent results of the "traveling library" system, for instance, are well known.

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A Great Scientist Professor Othniel C. Marsh, of Yale, who died last Saturday, was perhaps the most world-famed of the University's present faculty—not because of his skill as a class instructor nor even because of his books, but as an indefatigable, persistent, and marvelously successful scientific investigator. The researches conducted by him in person or carried out under his direction have enriched the world's knowledge of paleontology, geology, and kindred sciences more than those of any man living. Even as an undergraduate he recognized the value of personal search for the buried records of past ages, and the result was important discoveries in Nova Scotia. Later on he crossed the Rocky Mountains twenty-seven times, and underwent all kinds of danger and discomfort in leading scientific expeditions. A mere list of his chief discoveries of unknown species of animal remains would fill columns of this paper; mammoth mammals, birds with teeth, elephants with horns, monstrous reptiles, horse-ancestors whose variation in the number of toes as displayed in the Yale Museum makes a most striking illustration of evolution, and literally hundreds of specimens new to the paleontologist, were among the products of his industry and skill. Last year he presented to Yale his magnificent collections, mainly, he said, "with a view of building up a department of paleontology that would be a school of research as well as of instruction." This collection is in many particulars, and as a whole, the largest and richest in interest in the world. Even in 1882 Darwin wrote that Professor Marsh's printed descriptions of his discoveries afforded the best support to the theory of evolution that had appeared in twenty years. Another gift owed by Yale to Professor Marsh in great measure is the Peabody Museum, founded by Professor Marsh's uncle, George Peabody, at the

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suggestion of the scientist, and soon to be enlarged through the accretion of funds left for that purpose, so as to be as fine and fitting a museum of natural history as skill and knowledge could supply. Professor Marsh's whole life illustrates the possible achievement to be derived from absorbed and single application of natural powers in one chosen direction.

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The Windsor Hotel Fire The burning of the Windsor Hotel in this city on Friday afternoon of last week was one of those calamities which seem incredible at the moment, and which raise searching questions regarding the proper methods of protecting life and property. That a large, well-known hotel of the higher grade should be burned in broad daylight, with a loss of at least twelve lives, with fifty people injured more or less severely, and with a considerable number of persons still to be accounted for, seems incredible and ought to be impossible. It forces the conclusion that if it had oc curred at night hardly any one would have escaped alive from the building. How the fire originated is in dispute; the most singular thing about the affair is the general uncertainty which prevails as to the point where the fire was first seen and the way in which it spread. Nobody appears to have had any thought of fire, or to have been at any place where its breaking out might be noticed or its spread prevented. All that is known is that in a few moments the hotel was a mass of flames, and smoke was pouring out of the windows on every side. The people on the first floor were saved with difficulty; some of those who were on the second floor lost their lives, and the fatality among those on the upper floors was very great. Final judgment must await official examination. At this time it seems probable that the hotel was, in its construction, a tinder-box—one of those death-traps which only need to be sprung in order to destroy. There seems also to have been a great lack of fire-escapes. If it be true that the Building Department ordered fire-escapes which had never been put up, both the Department and the proprietors have incurred a very grave responsibility, and ought to be called to account. There do not appear to have been any of the usual safeguards against fire; servants do not seem to have been where they ought to have been; in fact, from the start the great building was helplessly at the mercy of the flames. The calamity has thrown a shadow over the whole community; but it will not bear its proper fruits unless it results in a rigid examination of the facts connected with the fire, in a thorough bringing home of responsibility to those who have been guilty of evasion or neglect of law or proper precaution, and in a rigid inspection of all the hotels in the country. There are undoubtedly many hotels which are even more dangerous than the Windsor. These hotels ought to be blacklisted. It is criminal to allow men and women to take lodgment in death-traps. But it is much to be feared that even such a horror as this will fail to arouse official lethargy to adequate action.

❀

Prohibition Refused in Canada Sir Wilfrid Laurier has made known the position of his Government on the recent Canadian plebiscite, and refused legislation prohibiting the liquor traffic. The reason given for the refusal is that, out of an electorate of 1,233,349 voters, less than twenty-three per cent., or a little over one-fifth of the number, recorded themselves in favor of prohibition. Upon other grounds than this the answer of Sir Wilfrid was not unexpected. The province of Quebec gave a majority of 93,983 against a prohibitory measure, while most of the towns and cities were either indifferent or strongly opposed to such legislation. In view of these facts, it could hardly be expected that a total majority of 13,916 in the whole Dominion would warrant the passing of a measure with reasonable hopes of its successful enforcement. The rural sentiment throughout Canada is strongly in favor of prohibition, but this could not very well be brought to bear upon towns and cities, where the violation of the law would chiefly occur. There are ardent prohibitionists who take Sir Wilfrid's decision with keen disappointment, while there are others who think that no other answer could well be given, believing that an ineffective law would prove an injury rather than a help to the temperance cause. Disappointment over the action of the Dominion Govern-

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ment may, however, be in a measure offset by the decision of the Ontario Legislature to place a large extra tax on the liquor traffic. This tax, however, will not have the approval of a large part of the prohibitionists, who believe that public revenue from the liquor traffic is as much of an opiate to the public conscience as private revenue is to the conscience of individual liquor-dealers. Some purely restrictive measure, like the rapidly spreading dispensary system, forbidding all sales of liquor to be drunk on the premises, would seem to meet in a better way the demands of Canadian public sentiment. The fact that a majority of those voting at the recent plebiscite indorsed the most extreme form of prohibition indicates that an overwhelming majority of the voters would indorse a measure that would leave each individual free in his own home, but effectually close all public places for treating and tippling. The dispensary system deserves the same attention from the prohibitionists of Canada that it is receiving among the prohibitionists of our own Southern States.

❀

The Anti-Imperialists' Address

The Address to the American People which we reprint on another page is well worthy the serious consideration of all who are perplexed by our present National problem, and especially by all those who have believed in and are giving their support to the present policy of the Administration. This Address is weighty because of the names attached to it, the reasons adduced in it, and the fact that it proposes a definite alternative policy to be pursued. It should be read and pondered with care by all who wish to come to a wise conclusion respecting the Nation's duty in the present crisis.

The names speak for themselves; there is scarcely one which has not a deserved National reputation. At the same time, the careful student of public opinion will note the fact that there are many names conspicuous by their absence. Dr. Jordan is the only college president who signs this Address; it is well known that Dr. Low and Dr. Schurman are supporters of the present policy of the United States, and there is good reason to believe that this policy is approved by other educators equally eminent. Dr. Bacon and Dr. Cuyler are both retired from the active ministry, so that Dr. Parkhurst is the only clergyman in active service who has signed this Address; and though it may be assumed, from their past utterances, that Bishop Potter and Dr. van Dyke sympathize with it, with these exceptions the clergy have been nearly unanimous in supporting the policy of the Administration; so much so that the clergy have been jeered at for the supposed variance between their present position and that which with equal unanimity they assumed at the time of the Venezuela dispute. Samuel Bowles is an eminent journalist, and it must be due rather to accident than to any lack of sympathy that E. L. Godkin's name is not added; but it would not be easy to recall the name of another eminent journalist who interprets current history and reads present duty as they do. Thomas Wentworth Higginson is the only eminent man of letters who signs this Address; and Andrew Carnegie is almost alone among the great merchants and manufacturers of America. On the whole, this list is chiefly significant as indicating that the protest against the policy of expansion has been and is sufficiently weighty to compel a careful consideration by the country of the change which is taking place in its National policy. In short, the influence of this Address must and will depend on the value of the reasons adduced, not on the weight of the names attached to it.

And the reasons, though vigorously and effectively put, will not, we are persuaded, convince the reflective reader. They assume that Aguinaldo and his forces represent the inhabitants of the islands; that he and his forces constitute a government with the will and the power to exercise the functions for which governments are organized among men—the protection of persons and property and the administration of justice; and that our resistance to his attack upon us and our endeavor to disperse his armed forces constitute a war of subjugation waged against the inhabitants of the islands. If this be true, if the Filipinos possess the intellectual and moral capacity to protect "life, liberty,

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and the pursuit of happiness;" if the Malolos government has been duly organized by them for this purpose, and if we are endeavoring to destroy this government and take possession of the land for our own benefit, we are guilty of a crime not without parallel, unhappily, in the history of other nations, but without parallel thus far in the history of our own. But there is no evidence to warrant any such conclusion, and it is not to be assumed without evidence. It has been repeatedly declared officially that the conduct of affairs has been left by the President, as it must necessarily be left, to the representatives of the United States Government in the Philippines. The President has explicitly declared that imperial designs "are alien to American sentiment, thought, and purpose," and that "our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun." To assume what the writers of this Address assume, that the object of our army in the Philippines is not to preserve order and protect person and property from lawless and dangerous because barbaric forces, but to overthrow a constitutional and legitimate government that we may substitute one of our own, is to impute to Admiral Dewey and General Otis either ignorance of the facts, which they have every means of knowing while we have none, or a tyrannous purpose absolutely alien to American character and habit.

There are three, and, so far as we can see, only three, grounds on which the President can be asked to order a cessation of hostilities and a withdrawal of our forces from the Philippines. The first is that all people are by nature competent for self-government, without previous education or training. That proposition is negatived by all history, and may be dismissed without consideration. The second is that recent events furnish such evidence that the Filipinos are competent for self-government as to justify us in relinquishing all responsibility for law and order in the Philippines and leaving the inhabitants to work out their own destiny. Such evidence as the country at present possesses appears to us to indicate a very different conclusion. It is reported that flags of truce have been fired upon; that flags of truce have been displayed as a decoy and our peaceful officers advancing in response have been fired upon; that murder and arson have been attempted in the city within our lines; that an official proclamation has been issued from Malolos summoning the Filipinos to exterminate all foreigners by indiscriminate assassination; that the inhabitants of two provinces have asked the protection of the American flag and the American forces against the so-called Aguinaldo government; and that Germany, recognizing the perils of her own resident citizens, has intrusted them to our safeguarding. There is nothing in what is currently known concerning the Filipinos to throw suspicion on these reports, and much to confirm their probability. A single incident which we clip from a Kansas paper—one of several which are given in such detail as to justify the confidence that they are not fiction—indicates this Filipino character:

> "Last night," says Harry Selig, of the Lawrence Company, "a South Dakota boy was attacked by two natives from behind. In approaching they declared they were 'amigos' (friends), and he allowed them to pass. Fortunately, he happened to look over his shoulder in time to see a knife descending; he made a jump, and only received a small cut instead of a stab that was intended to kill him."

If treachery is characteristic of the Filipinos, as this incident indicates (and the indication is confirmed by the judgment of well-informed students of their character), and if the reports of the manifestations of this treacherous disposition given above are true, the United States cannot accept the counsel of this Address, cannot assume that Aguinaldo represents the people, or that the people represent a capacity for administering a just government, and enter into negotiations with him, leaving him to determine what is the preference of the people of the islands, and trusting him to organize and maintain such government as they prefer. This whole Address assumes that Dewey and Otis are dealing with a civilized people who keep the compacts which they make. But how if they are dealing with a semi-savage people, as little to be trusted as Sioux Indians, Malay pirates, or unruled Sepoys?

The third ground on which the conclusion of this Address might be based is that we have no responsibility for the Philippines; that we had no business there in the first place; that, having destroyed the Spanish fleet, we had no business to

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remain there; that, having by our treaty ended Spanish domination, we have no business to continue longer there; and that the sooner we cease attempting to attend to the business of the Philippines and devote ourselves to minding our own, the better for them and for us. This, we suspect, is the real ground which underlies the feeling of those Americans who desire us to leave the Philippines to work out their own destiny; but we are convinced that it is both unmoral and illogical. It certainly is inconsistent with the Address, which affirms that Aguinaldo was brought to the Philippines by our own war-ship, and was accepted by us as our ally. In so far as this is true, it is impossible for us to escape responsibility for his conduct. Having destroyed the only government that actually existed in the islands, having brought Aguinaldo to the islands, and made it possible for him to organize his followers into some semblance of an army, we cannot honorably sail away and leave the people of these islands to such government or no-government as he and his army may be able to maintain. If the result should be anarchy, plunder, and assassination, we should be responsible before God, before our own consciences, and in the judgment of the civilized world.

We do not, then, believe that the American people will ratify the conclusions of the Address which has been issued to them against the course of the present Administration in the Philippines, and we do not think they ought so to do. A competent and trusted Commission has been sent to the Philippines to ascertain the facts. It is composed of men who are above the suspicion of being dominated by either commercial or political interests. The people will and should hold their judgment in suspense until the return and report of that Commission. No definite policy should be formulated until that report is received and considered. Meanwhile the representatives of America's honor in the Philippines must do whatever is necessary to protect persons and property, prevent anarchy and misrule, and disperse forces which prevent peaceful industry and forbid that prosperity which is dependent upon it. This they can be depended on to do; they can be depended on to undertake no more than this; and this is not a war of subjugation.

A Lenten Thought

Joubert, whose insight was so delicate and clear, and who has bequeathed to the world so many admirable and illumining thoughts, has left a striking comment upon piety. "Piety," he says, "attaches us to all that is most powerful—that is, God; and to all that is weakest, such as children and old people, the poor, the infirm, the unhappy, and the afflicted. If we have not piety, old age shocks our sight, infirmity repels us, imbecility disgusts us: if we have piety, we see in old age but the fullness of the years; in infirmity, suffering; in imbecility, misfortune; and we feel only respect, compassion, and the desire to give relief." The thought contained in this sentence furnishes a searching test for those who are trying to find out whether or not they are controlled by the love of God. In the light of this thought, cynicism, repulsion from men because they are unhappy, unlovely, or unrighteous, is seen to be in its essence atheism. It is atheism which makes men shrink from contact with those less fortunate than themselves, which impels them to shut their ears against the cry of the unhappy lest it bring them unhappiness. If we think much of ourselves, we detest everything that is disagreeeble, unlovely, and degraded; if we think of God, and of his creatures in the light of our thought of him, then we are drawn to the unlovely and compelled to make terms with unhappiness; and the compulsion of our own strength is laid upon us in the care for the weak. Christ showed his divinity in his complete surrender to the needs of the most neglected and the worst. The further a man had fallen, the greater was his claim upon the Son of Man, because the greater his need. Those men and women who go through the world caring for contact only with those who can give them pleasure and who are agreeable to them, must set themselves down, by this test, as without the love of God, because they do not bear the inevitable fruit of that love. The sin of the world grows more and more repulsive to the good man, but as it grows in repulsiveness his desire to aid the sinner must grow in intensity. In the exact degree in which we draw near to God must we draw near to the most defiled of his children.

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"The Paganism of the Young"

A well-known Christian pastor,[1] writing upon this subject, asserts that "the young have ceased to take much interest in matters directly religious." Yet he thinks "there is probably less vice among the young than ever before." The latter opinion we hold for true, but not the former. There are no conclusive statistics; conditions vary with the region; opinions may vary likewise. Two general considerations may be regarded as significant; viz., the great increase of religious societies of young people under various names, as the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, etc., and the larger proportion of young people, often very young, who are admitted to church membership.

Undeniably, however, there is a class of young people as to whom it must be admitted that the dilemma, as stated by the pastor, exists: "Either these young friends of ours are heathen, or there is a larger conception of the Church and of the name of Christ than we are accustomed to hold." They have never experienced what is called conversion. They have not consciously adopted a religious purpose, and do not know what it is. If asked, "Are you a Christian?" they would probably answer, No. Yet they are "good children," truthful, dutiful, conscientious. But this is what theologians have described as mere natural goodness, not the fruit of the Spirit, not entitled to the name of Christian or constituting the possessor a child of God.

The true solution of the dilemma is often forced upon us when standing, bereaved and thoughtful, at the line which divides the worlds in presence of

> The Shadow cloaked from head to foot,
> Who holds the keys of all the creeds.

We have known Christian theologians of strict creed reflecting thus on amiable youth who had passed away without any exhibition of more than such natural goodness: "He certainly had never rejected Christ, and cannot be classed with those that have. We must believe what Jesus said, 'He that is not against us is for us.'"

[1] The Rev. Frederic Palmer, in the "New World," December, 1897.

There is a broad principle involved in this which demands larger and clearer expression. There is an implicit Christianity, not knowing that it is such, as well as an explicit and fully conscious Christianity. This was clearly recognized by that primitive Roman Puritan, Tertullian, who spoke of Socrates as *pæne noster*—"almost one of us," and of the soul as "naturally Christian"—*anima naturaliter Christiana*. Christianity in the New Testament is our natural humanity drawn to the love and imitation of Jesus. All traits of human worth, whether in young people or grown people, are in fact Christian traits. It is not the fact but the recognition of the fact that needs contending for. It needs it because the shadow has not yet fully passed from the Church which the Manichæan theology of Augustine, borrowed by Calvin, cast upon all children in declaring them born to an inheritance of wrath as a viper's brood.

We are in fault if we fail to teach that the truthful, dutiful, conscientious child is, so far, a Christian child. Except on the essentially anti-Christian assumption that humanity is by nature anti-Christian, the natural goodness so worthless to the Calvinist is as Christian in fact, if not in consciousness, in reality if not in ripeness, as any real sort of goodness can be. Paganism in modern society is a natural consequence of falsely narrow and artificial definitions of Christianity communicated in early years. As the shepherd in Virgil's eclogue says:

> Ah, what was wretched I about, to let
> Siroccos blast my flowers, and the boars
> Muddy my limpid water-spring, ah me!

A false break has been made between what is generically religious and what is specifically Christian, or, in other words, between the earlier and the later stage of a natural religious development. Whatever be comprised under the term "natural goodness" is none the less Christian for being also Mosaic, Buddhistic, pagan. Jesus comes "not to destroy, but to fulfill," adopting all goodness and its possessors as his to perfect it by inspiring them with the spirit of self-sacrifice in the filial imitation of God which is peculiarly his. Natural goodness must be owned as his, else a gap opens between our nature and his way, so that his way is made to seem repugnant, as somehow unnatural. Hence

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the strange and sad phenomenon, so common to-day, of lives accordant with Jesus's teaching but discordant with Church teaching, conscious of sympathy with him, but reluctant to accept the name of Christians, so different a meaning has been given to the word from that simply of friends and followers of Jesus—which was all that it meant originally and all that it should mean to-day.

❀

The Spectator

The Spectator was staying in a town, this winter, on the edge of the Southern States, where they had that unique institution, the street market; and his hostess, a woman of ability and experience in domestic matters, who always did her own marketing, offered to take him along. It was a fine bright winter day, and the narrow street, lined with wagons backed to the curb so close together that a small dog could hardly have stepped between them, was packed, apparently, with the entire population of the town. A city crowd outside a box-office, or a mob collected round a fire, were really nothing to that street. And every woman had a basket, and not infrequently two, one on each arm, laden with marketing. The Spectator does not consider himself a coward, but he paused before the solid mass of humanity. "Is it generally as crowded as this?" he asked his companion, hesitatingly. She smiled. "You ought to have seen it at Christmas," she said; "this is nothing!" And after that there was nothing for the Spectator to do but to brace his nerves and plunge into the crowd in her wake.

❀

Talk about a department store! The biggest and most varied one in New York or Chicago could not compare with that half-mile of street. On the curb side of the pavement the market people stood before their wagons, their wares ranged on boards or barrel-tops. On the other, every store had its counters extended in the same rough way to meet the throng. This left about three feet of passageway, more or less—just enough for a large woman, under full sail, so to speak, with a laden basket on each arm, to block completely. Luckily, most of the marketers were of medium size and had only one basket, so there was room to pass, except where two friends met and created a deadlock by stopping to talk over their health and their family affairs. On the store side, china, cheap lace and ribbon, dress goods in wild profusion, umbrellas, woolens, men's furnishings, notions, hardware, wall-paper, and every other manufactured article, apparently, that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive, were temptingly spread. Strong-lunged men and boys cried the charms and values of their wares. One youthful Hebrew, before a stand of umbrellas, chanted monotonously, "Here's your seventy-five-cent umbrella, ladies, for only thirty-nine cents. Never sold before at this price, gentlemen, and never can be again. Step up here and buy this seventy-five-cent, only thirty-nine-cent umbrella!" And so repeated and persuasive was his eloquence that, even under that cloudless sky, he disposed of dozens of his alpaca abominations.

❀

On the curb side of the pavement were the products of nature in truly bewildering variety. The study of the food of a community is always interesting. "Tell me what a man eats," said the sage, "and I will tell you what he is." Evidently in this happy town men ate everything, which augured favorably for well-rounded characters as a result. On one stand an opossum lay cheek by jowl with a heap of cocoanuts—the latter, of course, not of indigenous growth; the next neighbor had great bowls of curds and cream, and fresh watercresses; further on were wide trays of cranberries and half a dozen skinned muskrats, which are, the Spectator can testify, the most unearthly-looking things possible, suggesting flayed cats to the inexperienced and startled beholder. A motherly-looking woman, however, stopped and bought two, tucking them into her basket with a pleased look, as if she had secured a treat for the family. On the corner stood a man from the cannery (where, among other things, poultry is canned) with two deep pans full of the livers and gizzards of the turkeys and chickens. He always had a crowd around him, especially of the colored marketers, and was pretty well sold out, though it

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was not ten o'clock in the morning. But, then, these market people get up at three in the morning, and are at their places on the curb by dawn, the Spectator was told, so that ten o'clock is the middle of the day to them, after all.

❀

Baskets of turnips and potatoes were everywhere. Old women with herbs and eggs for sale stood patiently, with their shawls wrapped tightly around them, till their little stock should be disposed of. Home-made pickles and sauerkraut, mince-meat, and prepared pumpkin ready for the pie-crust and the oven, were displayed in bowls and pans set on the rough boards. Poultry in triple strings hung from poles run out from the wagon roofs. Cabbages; green and purple, leafy mounds of spinach, abundance of pork and bacon and every other kind of meat, festoons of sausage, lumps of scrapple wrapped in corn-husk, onions, sweet potatoes, endive and lettuce, radishes and celery—the sight would have satisfied the honest philosopher who confessed:

Sorrow has seared my heart; but not subdued
Is, nor can be, my appetite for food!

❀

The Spectator's companion was evidently an experienced marketer. She used the tiny basket which she carried only for eggs and cresses (the rest of her marketing being sent round to her grocer's for delivery), and she bought the eggs from a woman whom she knew, and who had only a few dozen for sale. A large stock of eggs, it was explained, showed that the seller had probably gotten them from a commission merchant—for the simple country market people are not so unsophisticated as they look. Indeed, in the street market, as in its prototype the Eastern bazaar, there are differing prices for everything, according to the seller's estimate of the buyer's purse. "One of my friends always sends her colored cook to do the marketing," said the Spectator's guide, "and she really saves a great deal of money by it in a year." They have a legend in the town of an old judge, in days gone by, fond of good eating, but with "the good old gentlemanly vice" of avarice, who used to walk through the market with his gold-headed cane, tapping things here and there, and asking prices, but rarely buying. A few feet behind him came his colored servant, in shabby clothes, with a basket, and the tap of the judge's cane was the signal for him to buy, at a proportionately low rate, the chosen articles. Master and man kept up the stratagem for long, and the judge's table and pocketbook both profited materially by it.

❀

One part of the market was really beautiful, even in winter. What it must be in summer the Spectator could only imagine. Two cross streets, intersecting the market street, are always filled, for half a square either way, one with fruit and one with flowers or greens. The fruit street was full of oranges, grapes, ruddy apples, innumerable bunches of bananas, great greenish grapefruit, and winter pears. In the summer, the Spectator was told, it overflows for three squares on end with peaches, strawberries, tomatoes, melons, etc., each in its season, and each sold at bottom prices, especially when a "glut" takes place on Saturdays, as it frequently does. Then strawberries of the best sell at five cents a quart, and the poorest person can have a share. In the flower market there are never any such eddies of trade, but the prices all the year round are far below the florists'. The Spectator saw fine carnations for twenty cents a dozen. There are both flowers and growing plants for sale, and in June, when the street is one bower of roses, or in October, when the chrysanthemums fill it with a blaze of gold, it must be a sight worth seeing. But, indeed, at any time, to the Spectator's mind, the street market is worth seeing. "The residents all along the street—except the shopkeepers, of course—complain bitterly," said his hostess; "they are waked before dawn by the wagons, and their sidewalks are left in a frightful litter at night, twice a week. They have succeeded in restricting the market to one side of the street, taking turns week about which side it shall be; and they are trying hard to abolish it altogether. But I do hope they won't be able to do it!" And the Spectator heartily agrees with her, for such a useful and picturesque institution is well worth the inconvenience of the few—so long as he does not happen to be one of them.

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Friction in Cuba

A Special Letter from George Kennan on General Wood's Work

[The following letter, written at our request, is not an integral part of the correspondence from Mr. George Kennan descriptive of his second visit to Cuba as Special Commissioner of The Outlook. It, however, throws light on an important and critical phase of Cuban government, and we therefore interrupt the regular series to introduce it here. It was persistently rumored in Cuba, a few weeks ago, that President McKinley intended to remove General Brooke and put General Wood in his place as Governor-General of the island. Newspaper and personal reports indicate that such a change would meet the approval of the whole population of Santiago, and of a very large majority of the Cubans in the provinces of Matanzas, Santa Clara, Havana, and Pinar del Rio. That it would result in better administration, better feeling, and a better condition of affairs generally, there can be little doubt. It would necessitate the promotion of General Wood over the heads of a number of major-generals of volunteers whose commissions antedate his, and would, therefore, give rise to a feeling of dissatisfaction in the small circle of officers of this grade; but what is our main object in holding and governing Cuba? Is it to please half a dozen or a dozen major-generals of volunteers, or is it to give the island of Cuba good government, restore its prosperity, and bring it as speedily as possible into process of peaceful and orderly development?—THE EDITORS.]

RECENT reports from Santiago de Cuba state that the American authorities in Havana—or, to speak more specifically, Governor-General Brooke and his advisers—have already begun, by disapproval of requisitions and by limitation of expenditures, to interfere with the work which General Wood is doing so successfully and with such beneficent results at the eastern end of the island. An Associated Press telegram says that General Wood's recent estimates and requisitions for funds to carry on public work have been disapproved; that he is henceforth to be limited to an expenditure of $10,000 a month for the whole province of Santiago, and that, consequently, he has been compelled to suspend or discharge thousands of Cuban laborers employed in making roads, cleaning streets, etc., in Santiago, Holguin, and other parts of the province. Colonel Hood has telegraphed from Holguin that the cessation of public work there has caused intense excitement and dissatisfaction, and that he will be compelled to issue indigent rations to three thousand heads of families thrown out of employment by the "false economy"—as the Holguin people call it—of the Havana authorities.

The telegrams do not state definitely whether the Governor-General is attempting to control and restrict the expenditure of all public money in the province of Santiago, or whether his recent orders relate only to money derived from duties on imports. The fund in General Wood's treasury, when I left Santiago, was about $270,000, and it had been derived from two sources, namely, customs duties on merchandise imported into the province, and a local tax on gainful occupations. It would be perfectly proper, doubtless, for the Governor-General to require the payment of all customs receipts into the treasury at Havana, and to make, subsequently, to the province of Santiago an allotment of such proportionate part of the customs revenue of the whole island as that province might be equitably entitled to receive. I doubt very much, however, whether he would be justified in requiring the same disposition to be made of money raised by local taxation in the province of Santiago itself, or in limiting the expenditure of such money to $10,000, or any other specified sum, per month. Local taxes are levied and collected for local needs, and I can see no reason for sending the money derived from them to Havana, or putting it under the control

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of the Havana authorities. The officer in command of a Cuban province, and especially an officer who has had seven or eight months of practical experience, is presumably better qualified to judge how money raised by local taxation should be expended for the public benefit than any recently appointed Governor-General can be.

In view of the great success of General Wood's administration in Santiago, and the remarkable progress that he has made in getting the population of that province on its feet, it was a mistake, I think, in the first place, to put him under the orders of a Governor-General who, to say the least, had displayed no remarkable administrative ability in the positions that he had previously occupied, and who had no knowledge whatever of the local conditions and necessities in the part of the island under General Wood's command; but I shall have occasion to discuss this question hereafter, and need not go into it here. All that I wish to do now is to call attention to the work that General Wood has done and is doing in the province of Santiago, and to show how serious and disastrous a suspension of it may be to the interests not only of the Cubans but of the people of the United States.

The largest expenditures that General Wood has incurred and is incurring are for public betterments, such as road-making, harbor-dredging, street cleaning and paving, and general improvement of the sanitary condition of the cities and towns in his province. In the first place, this work is useful and necessary in itself. If there be anything that is urgently needed in Cuba, even from a selfishly American point of view, it is such a complete sanitary renovation and regeneration of the Cuban seaport towns as shall deprive them of their power to send yellow fever to our Southern seaboard next summer, and at the same time render them safe places of habitation for the American soldiers who will have to occupy them during the forthcoming rainy season. Any expenditure that may be required to attain these results is not only justifiable but imperative; and if Governor-General Brooke, by limiting General Wood's expenditures to $10,000 per month, or to any other specified sum, compels the latter to neglect or abandon the sanitary work upon which he is now engaged in Santiago, Holguin, Gibara, Guantanamo, and Baracoa, the General will incur a very serious responsibility to the people of the United States. In view of his record as commanding officer at Chickamauga, and its influence—or rather lack of influence—upon his subsequent career, such responsibility may not weigh upon him as heavily as it would if we had an Administration that rewarded and promoted only for meritorious service; but it should at least restrain him from hasty and unconsidered interference with work that has a direct bearing upon the health and well-being of the American troops in the Cuban cities and towns.

In the second place, even if this work were not as useful and urgently needed as it is, I am by no means sure that it would not be expedient to undertake it, solely as a means of getting the impoverished and almost destitute people of eastern Cuba on their feet. When a penniless Cuban has worked in the street-cleaning or road-making force for two or three months, and has earned $50 or $100, he often gives his place to another destitute Cuban, goes back into the country, puts up a palm-thatched "shack," begins to cultivate a little piece of ground, and becomes not only a self-supporting member of society, but a producer who contributes his mite to the aggregate wealth of the community. On the 20th of last July there was hardly an eatable thing growing within ten miles of Santiago in any direction. The whole country had been devastated. Now the country around the city is full of little farms and truck gardens owned by poor Cubans, who made their new start in life with money paid to them by General Wood for work on the Santiago streets and roads. The personnel of the street-cleaning or road-making force is not fixed; it is, on the contrary, in a state of constant change—a new man often coming in penniless as one of the old men goes out with a small capital to set up in business for himself. Although, therefore, the force may not at any time exceed two thousand men, it will in the course of a year be instrumental, perhaps, in setting two or three times that number of men on their feet.

I certainly understood the President to say, when I last saw him, that it was his

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earnest desire to rescue the Cuban people from the state of almost hopeless destitution into which they had fallen, as a result of Weyler's brutal policy of reconcentration. What is the objection to General Wood's method? Is it not much wiser and better to pay the Cubans for work than to pauperize them by giving them indigent rations gratis?

In the third place, the money that General Wood is paying the Cubans for honest work is not money drawn from the Treasury of the United States, but money raised by taxation of the Cubans themselves. How could that money be more wisely or more equitably expended than in ameliorating the condition of the taxpayers and their fellow-citizens?

In the fourth place, the persons who might, perhaps, be justified in objecting to General Wood's expenditures, namely, the taxpayers of eastern Cuba, are precisely the persons who approve of them, who protest against General Brooke's restrictive policy, and who denounce it as "false economy." They virtually say—and, so far at least as local taxes are concerned, they have some right to say—"We pay these taxes, and we do it cheerfully and willingly, because we have faith that our money will be used by General Wood to help our poor, clean our cities and towns, improve our roads, support our hospitals and asylums, deepen our harbors, and better generally our condition. What equitable right has a Governor-General in Havana to 'hold up' our money and say that only $10,000 a month shall be used for all purposes in the whole province? It costs about $4,000 a month to clean the streets and yards of Santiago alone, without making any permanent improvements in the shape of sewering, lighting, paving, etc. The same kind of work has to be done in Manzanillo, Holguin, Gibara, Guantanamo, and Baracoa; and General Wood, in addition to this, has to pay our school-teachers, police, and other municipal officers, support our hospitals and asylums, meet the expenses of our courts and jails, and keep in motion generally the provincial and municipal machinery."

This, in brief, is the case against the Governor-General, as it appears from the Santiago point of view. Now let me sketch hastily the state of affairs in the province of Matanzas, where General Brooke's ideas and methods are in force.

The municipality of Matanzas is, or was a few days ago, absolutely bankrupt. There was no public money available for any purpose whatever. The city physicians and school-teachers had not been paid in two years; the hospitals and asylums were being supported by our military authorities; and the police were being paid by private subscription. General Sanger, the Military Governor of Matanzas, had great difficulty in obtaining from the Governor-General's administration in Havana even the small sum of $12,000, to be used in cleaning and disinfecting the city, and he got that amount only by insisting that he would not be responsible for the health of the American troops there unless he were furnished with money enough to put the city in something like decent sanitary condition. When I inquired what was the reason for this state of affairs, I learned that the treasury of Matanzas was bankrupt because Governor-General Brooke would not allow the municipality to levy or collect taxes for the purpose of meeting its necessities and liabilities. It was understood that he had a tax board or commission at work elaborating a scheme of local taxation for the whole island, and until that board should make its report, the cities and towns in the province of Matanzas would have to get along as best they could without a dollar to support their hospitals and asylums, or to pay their school-teachers, physicians, and police.

Now, General Wood's method of collecting and spending money in the province of Santiago may be bad, and Governor-General Brooke's policy of delaying local taxation and withholding money in the province of Matanzas may be wise and judicious; but the Cuban people do not so look at it, and do not think it will be so regarded by the people of the United States.

Whatever may be the intentions of the President with regard to the removal of General Brooke, it is to be hoped that no officer will be allowed to cripple or interfere with the work of General Wood. We shall then have, in one province at least, an example of tactful, efficient, and businesslike administration. I do not mean to say that the officers in the prov-

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inces of Matanzas, Havana, and Pinar del Rio would not furnish other examples if they were given a reasonably free hand and could act on their own judgment. Generals Wilson, Sanger, and Williston, all of whom I met, impressed me as men fully competent to fill the places that they hold; but what can any one of them do if his suggestions are ignored or disapproved, and if he is forbidden to take the first and most important step in the reconstruction of his province—viz., raise money to relieve his people, put his cities and towns in proper sanitary condition, and set in motion the provincial and municipal machinery of government?

Religious Life in German Universities

By Caspar René Gregory

ANY discussion of religious life in Germany that is to be placed before American readers must be opened by a word or two touching the different point of view, the different manners and habits, the difference between men and women in Germany and men and women in America. It is said that if you scratch through the skin of a Russian you will find a Tartar. Perhaps so. If you scratch through the skin of an American, a German, a Tartar, a Hindu, a Hottentot, or an Eskimo, you are just as sure to find a man. There is a unity of base, whether all sprang from one Adam or from ten Adams. In like manner there is a unity in Christianity and in Christians. The dainty, æsthetical, orthodox, and devotional American woman shrinks back in horror from the coarse, sensual, bigoted, and superstitious Italian woman kneeling before a cherished saint. Yet if she could come to understand and appreciate the mental attitude of the other, she would find that the difference was not so great, after all, in spite of all the paragraphs of the Westminster Confession. Go to Germany. If you say that because the Methodist Church in America forbids its clergy to chew tobacco, that is a sign of a good pastor, then you will find many good pastors in Germany, for you will not often find one who is ready to chew tobacco. If, however, the Methodist Church in America forbids all use of tobacco by the clergy, and that becomes your test, you will find very few good pastors in Germany. The same holds good for beer and wine. Once determine that American temperance is a test of Christianity and you can rub out of the list of the saints almost all the old ones. The fact is that you will need to start a new Christianity that skips Jesus and the Apostles; you will have to get another name for it. Do not misunderstand this; I am not in favor of using beer, or wine, or even medicine; but I am not a law to other men or to other Christians. "All very well," you say; "so much may be granted. The great thing is, after all, religion. If a man goes to Sunday-school and prayer-meeting and church and has family prayers twice a day, and so forth, he may be all right, even if he does drink beer and smoke tobacco." I beg your pardon, but did Philip say to the Eunuch that he could be baptized if he would promise to have family prayers twice a day, go to Sunday-school twice on Sunday, to prayer-meeting on Wednesday and Friday evening, and to church twice on Sunday? If he did, I do not remember it. That is enough. Let us turn to the German universities and ask how far religious motives control their ideals and methods, and what is done to promote the spiritual life of the students.

The fact that the older German universities, like all public European scholarship down to and far into the eighteenth century, in England down to the middle of the nineteenth century, were of ecclesiastical origin and maintenance, usually under princely patronage, is a match for the fact that so many American colleges and universities have arisen upon a more or less narrowly defined ecclesiastical basis. The German university has in most cases freed itself from direct connection with theology in the person of the professors of non-theological sciences. For long years, in contrast with Oxford and Cam-

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bridge until of late, a theological education and a theological degree have had no part in fitting the zoölogist, botanist, or other man of profane science for his chair or for his fellowship, for his license to teach or for his share in a foundation. Nevertheless, it must at the very outset be clearly kept in view that theology has technically and administratively still, for the most part, a peculiar hold upon education. In Germany religion is closely bound up with "truth," with the search after truth, with the dissemination of truth, with the nurture and admonition of the rising generation in the knowledge and use of truth. The ministry of worship is usually the ministry of public instruction, whatever the varying title of the department may be. And the faculty of theology is still the first faculty, leading law, physic, and physics. And the degree of Doctor of Theology is the great degree, the big D, as it is sometimes called. Oddly enough, it sometimes then rises above the title of Professor, and one who has passed from a minor doctorate to the professor's title may again be saluted as a Doctor by way of eminence, when he attains to that degree in theology.

From this it is clear that religious motives have a certain inceptive control over the ideals and methods of the universities in Germany; that the care of the State for the due succession of pastors, preachers, lawyers, physicians, and teachers is closely combined with moral intentions, with the purpose of seeing to it that not only clergymen and instructors, but also advocates, judges, and healers, shall be God-fearing men. It must not be thought that the Church, the Consistory, or the Upper Church Council, or a Synod, or a Bishop is allowed to deal with the appointment or the rejection of candidates for chairs in non-theological faculties. Their connection, even with the faculty of theology, is, in Protestant universities, confined, in the main, to an advisory voice; they are counselors but not judges in the matter. Still, it has sometimes happened, as it might happen anywhere, that clerical or ecclesiastical influences have had weight in appointments that nominally were removed from their control. It is not seldom the case that a minister of worship, in view of the close union of his portfolio with the Church, and in view of his lay ignorance of ecclesiastical matters, seeks the counsel, not of a consistory, a synod, a superintendent, or a bishop, but of some theologian, some old and tried friend, be it a pastor, be it a professor. Then everything will be bent to the unseen hand. The minister is a, not soul-less and will-less, but willing executor of the plausible plans of his university friend or schoolmate. Of late there have been signs of a desire on the part of one or two unscrupulous, even if orthodox, public men to force their will upon Ministers of Instruction, but the public mind deplores, derides, and combats such interference. That is perhaps enough touching the side of administration; a German university has for its ideal the training of Christian men for all departments of life. No German university has, I think, from its governmental side, the least trend towards irreligion or atheism.

If we pass to the university itself, to the daily routine, to the activity of the professors, to the work of the students, one thing that would at once excite the attention of an American is the absence of anything like a daily chapel, a morning chapel. There is sometimes a university church, but it does not occur to any one to usher in the day by a public service of prayer. The monks, the predecessors of the professors, had their daily prayers together; the professors and students have none. Let me say here, what I shall, it may be, repeat in another form, that religion in Germany is very much less of a public matter than it is in England or in America. This is not the place to ask the reason why. But we must deal with the fact. And the lack of a daily chapel service at a university is one of the tokens of this fact. It may be observed in connection with this that there is nothing, then, like, or approaching to, or shadowing, a daily roll-call or a daily note of attendance or of absence. In many universities there is nothing that in any way tends to a daily union of the students, even approximately in classes near each other; for the Physical Hall, or the University Clinic, or the Physiological Hall, or the Chemical Hall may be a mile or two from the common center represented by the Aula and the rooms for the rector, and the secretary, and the judge, and the

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quæstor, and the lecture-rooms for theology, law, philosophy, and philology. Then, too, there is no such exact combination of hours for lectures as in America. One lecturer begins in winter at eight, in summer at seven A.M., others at eight, and so on till noon and till evening. Then, too, there is no common living center like the halls in which American students room together; the students live all over town. It may be that these difficulties of place, time, and unity of work have tended to the neglect of the chapel exercises. But one great thing is the sovereign freedom and individual personality of the German student, in which he develops the characteristics which make him so useful to the world. He is bound to no special hour, to no special work; he acts for himself, and is responsible only for the results. He prays when and where it seems good for him; and he is not led to suppose that he must daily join in a public service with the six hundred, or three thousand, or five thousand other students at the university.

Nor do the lectures, even in the theological faculty, begin with prayer. The professor begins: "Gentlemen" ("Meine Herren!"), as soon as he reaches his desk, if he has not begun on the way to it. And as little do the exercises in the small weekly societies open with prayer. That is thought to be the time for work, not for prayer, other than silent, personal prayer. An American divine said to me: "There is something almost profane in our way of mixing up our uttered prayer with our work." I give the sense of his words and perhaps not the exact expressions. His idea was the old one, namely, that God should be formally, openly invoked on special occasions and in time of great need, but that he should not be dragged into our every lecture and speech. Because a prayer is not offered up at the beginning of the lectures, it should not be supposed that the professors are irreverent or that they use undue levity in their discourses. In theology, the opening lecture of a term, the closing lecture, and occasional lectures during the term may be marked by personal appeal and exhortation to consecration of life. And the general tone of the lectures in theology is doubtless as warm as any one could wish, even though in Germany, as in other countries, some theologians do not show so much fervor as could be asked for.

The societies formed by the students, and in particular by students of theology, have sometimes a scientific, sometimes a sociable, and sometimes a more strictly religious aim in view. Of the societies technically called "Verbindungen" there is a daily growing series named Christian, "Christliche Verbindungen," and these are united or connected with each other in two groups, the one called the "Schwarzburg-Bund" and the other the "Wingolf;" there is also a Roman Catholic group. These societies strive to satisfy the longings of many a young student for a genuine, old-fashioned student life with fencing, and colored ribbons, and bright caps, and the self-dedication of the student to the service of the country, of the "Vaterland." But they do this on a strictly Christian and religious basis, pledging themselves to avoid duels and all evil practices. The members are recruited from all faculties. The pastors in the neighborhood of the university, and who as students were members of such societies, often come to their meetings, and often find in these students teachers for their Sunday-schools. Then, too, there are specifically theological societies, which nevertheless sometimes have members from other faculties. The Academical Theological Unions, which are usually represented by societies in a large number of German universities, are less narrow in their doctrinal position, and try to secure members of all shades of opinion, in order to induce a vivid and fruitful interchange of thought. The Theological Student-Unions are almost entirely confined to an orthodox type of student; they also are found in a number of universities. It is not an uncommon thing for a union of this kind to go to the communion-table together once in a half-year, usually with the professor who is most interested in them. And there are unions under various names, some, for example, called "Philadelphia," which are more orthodox and more closely connected with church life than the series just referred to. Let me throw in here a bit of life. The "Philadelphia" at Leipzig has just celebrated a special anniversary, the twenty-fifth, or the fiftieth, if I remember aright. At nine oclock in the morning there w

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a liturgical service led by a young pastor, a former member, with a brief discourse by an old pastor or an old missionary, a former member. At noon there was a meeting for a more set address, more of a historical nature. And in the evening there was a large and festive meeting of fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, led by a missionary and a director of a mission-house, and garnished by addresses from old members or from professors or from student members. The Lausatian Preachers' Society at Leipzig is one of these student societies, and it is now over one hundred and seventy-five years old. I said above that the students are often called upon to act as Sunday-school teachers. In the same way, as the theological students advance in their studies, they are called upon by the old members in the pastorate to come and preach for them occasionally, and to take a glimpse at the practical side of their theological training. It is unnecessary to say how valuable this living combination with the men in active life is for the students at the university, and how much it tends to lift them above the routine of daily study and to make them earnest in their work. During the last eight years a new movement has begun, and that connected on the one hand with the Moravian influences at Herrnhut, and on the other hand with America. This movement has from 1890 to to-day, in spite of occasional difficulties, grown apace. It is thus far more like Bible-class work than anything else, and has not assumed a peculiarly student character. It is found in eighteen universities, or by far the larger number. How the movement will develop it is not easy to foresee. The present study of the Bible is not to be decried. The question is how far the pietistic side, or what many in Germany would call the Methodistical side, will prevent its growing among that part of German Christians which is opposed to everything pietistic. It would be necessary to recur to what I said at the beginning of this article, to lead an American Christian to conceive of the possibility that among the great men whom he has honored and loved from their works, their books, their commentaries, their sermons, whose Christianity and warm Christian life he cannot question, there are yet men who deeply fear the exciting and, in their opinion, injurious influence of everything like a pietistical, external, open, and public development of that religious feeling which they think to be a matter of the heart and not of the tongue. Do not forget that they have a right to their opinion. We may gradually bring them round to our mind by showing how well our plan works. But we must not suppose that they are religiously or morally defective because they do not think just as we do. Thus far the last movement referred to has, with a single passing exception, succeeded in doing a great deal of good without arousing any very serious opposition.

We have spoken of the ideals and methods of university work, and have shown how in certain ways, more or less directly, something is done for the spiritual welfare of the students. Direct work for the latter aim is secured in many universities by the work of the university preacher or even pastor. And in the university churches communion services are sometimes arranged especially for the students. It should as well be remembered that every theological professor is liable to be called upon and is ready to act as a fatherly counselor, we might say as a "father confessor," for the students who attach themselves to him. They turn to the one they trust most and tell him their difficulties. The difficulties and the questions are just such as those that bewilder American students, save that they have their local coloring, their local reason and shape. And, more than that, this relation often continues long after the student has ceased to be a student and has become a man in active life; he ripens his judgment in constant recurrence to the advice of the man who guided him at the university. The reader will say that this is inconsistent with the freedom above claimed for the German student. No, the German student has learned, above everything, that experience is valuable, and he thinks it the freest thing he can do to come to an older man and put the case and say, "What do you advise? I am not clear about my duty." And thus the German university, with all the habits which seem so incomprehensible to an American Christian, and in spite of the temporary vagaries of individual professors, has an influence for good upon its students.

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A Step Aside

By Mabel Nelson Thurston

THE group of boarders from Sharon went volubly down the flagged walk between the quiet buildings. Their gay comment buzzed about the Shaker bonnet of the sister who was acting as guide, but she was used to the strange ways of visitors from the world, and her placid face showed no ripple of disquiet.

The girl, half amused and more than half bored, loitered along, some yards behind. She was already tired of little square entries with brooms hanging in them, and the inevitable legend, "Please remove dirt from your feet before entering;" she found nothing in the least interesting. Possibly the fact that she was without escort had something to do with the dullness; but the others had made that the condition of her sharing the excursion. They said there was no knowing what the results might be if the girl appeared at the village with one of her cavaliers; and while they, the boarders, might not approve individually of Shakerism, they did not care to take upon themselves the responsibility of breaking up a Family.

The girl was all in white and lavender, like a sweet-pea. Against the cool gray background of an old stone building she made a bewildering picture. She knew it, and frowned a little. There wasn't even a brother in sight, except one moving slowly across the fields in the distance. The next moment she forgot herself and began to laugh. A dozen or so little girls had trooped out of an opposite building and were standing huddled together like a group of sheep, looking at her with admiring eyes.

The girl stopped. "Good-morning," she called, cheerfully.

The group broke into instant animation. A dozen bobbing curtsies, as if some invisible hand was striking them like so many keys, preluded the response.

"Good-morning," they chorused. Then they stood at attention.

The girl walked across to them. "Have you been to school?" she asked.

"Yee." The reply was unanimous.

"Where do you go to school?"

The group wheeled with military precision. A dozen hands pointed back to the little cottage. "There," sang the chorus.

"Who is your teacher?"

"Sister Lucy Day."

"Is she in there now?"

"Yee."

"I think I'll go and call upon her," the girl decided suddenly. "It's been so long since I visited school. Good-by, children."

"Good-by—good-by—*good*-by!" The response was more broken this time, and the children looked wistful. It wasn't often that so radiant a vision crossed the gray background of their lives. Something of this the girl felt, and was touched by it. She smiled back at them a last time as she stood on the school-house steps; then she stepped lightly inside. She found herself in a large entry, with fresh calico curtains hiding rows of hooks on each side, and before her not one broom but three, and the familiar legend was accompanied by another in large warning letters, "Step gently."

The girl lifted laughing eyes to it. "Oh, I will," she promised. "I'm good to-day, fearfully and wonderfully good. I wonder if Shakers ever have nightmare. If they do, they must dream of being chased over the world by an army of Brooms! Oh!"

It was unexpected, the charm of the place, for the windows were set high in the wall, and crowding lovingly against them all were green branches of the maples outside, filling the little room with the soft stir of shadows and the whisper of leaves. In the midst of it stood a tiny figure with eyes like the summer sky, and a print gown that matched her eyes, and a cap and kerchief like white drifted clouds.

"Are you"—the girl recovered herself quickly—"Sister Lucy Day?"

"Yee," answered the sister, her eyes gravely inquiring.

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"It was the children," the girl explained. "I met them just now, and asked who their teacher was. It is the loveliest school-room! You don't mind my looking in, do you?"

"Nay," Sister Lucy answered. "Oh, nay." She smiled a little, as if pleased, but she made no effort towards conversation. But the girl knew what she wanted now.

"I came with some ladies from Sharon," she said, "and I'm afraid I've lost them now from stopping in here. Should I be an *awful* bother if I asked you to guide me? I'd like it so much!"

Sister Lucy looked doubtful. "I suppose I might—till you find the others," she answered, "or until the dinner-bell rings. Sister Miriam Elder generally conducts visitors."

"Sister Miriam Elder has her hands full of visitors without me," the girl answered, gleefully. "You just ought to see them! And I shall like it twice as well with you—I shall *love* it with you!"

On Sister Lucy's face a dawning pleasure was promptly overtaken and suppressed by a righteous disapproval.

"Sister Miriam Elder is a remarkable woman," she said. "She writes poetry and hymns, and Sister Martha Eldridge—she that is our eldress—says that she considers her truly inspired."

"Is that so?" The girl's gravity was beautiful.

"Yee," the little Shakeress answered. "Where will you go first—to the dairy or the garden?"

"Oh, the garden!" the girl decided. Her quick eyes had caught a glimpse—which Sister Lucy's sunbonnet denied her—of vanishing skirts down by the dairy, and she was by no means ready to put herself under inspired guidance yet. There were many things that she wanted to find out—things of far more human interest than cheese-vats and presses.

"What do you do here all the year round?" she began. "Isn't it just a bit monotonous?"

"Oh, nay!" The little Shakeress was quick in her defense. "There is much to do. We go on circuit, you know, and that varies the work. And there are visitors in winter, too, though not so many; and we visit other families sometimes, and go to the Fair, and last year I went on the Silver Lake steamer with Sister Matilda, selling things. It is very exciting on the steamer."

The girl laughed, but the innocent questioning of the blue eyes, still full of glancing lights brought by the "exciting" memories, checked her suddenly. Moreover, they had reached the garden, a wide, sunny expanse stretching down to the river, cool-tinted with its beds of herbs, and heavily sweet with the odor of honey from the white row of hives just beyond it. One of the brothers was working there, his flushed face glowing warmly above the fragrant green-gray sea that swept about his knees. The girl's eyes shone audaciously, but her voice was almost reverential.

"Don't you *ever* speak to them?" she asked.

"I don't understand," Sister Lucy answered, bewildered.

'The brothers—don't you ever speak to them? Aren't you allowed to?"

"Why, yee, surely we speak to them, whenever it is necessary." She hesitated a second, and then pushed daringly up a path into the sweet marjoram. Her voice cut softly across the low humming that filled the air.

"Are any of the bees swarming, Brother Leonard?"

The brother stood erect, revealing a large, well-built man, with a face like a rosy boy. He slanted one stout thumb across his shoulder.

"They're about ready to leave that end hive, Sister Lucy," he answered.

Sister Lucy turned back to the girl. "You see, we speak to them," she said, seriously. "It isn't true—many things that the people say of us in the world outside. Eldress Martha often has long conversations with the brothers."

"Yes, I see," the girl replied. "I am glad to know. We really don't know anything about it, and I expect we get lots of things wrong."

Sister Lucy did not answer, and they walked on in silence a little way; then the girl spoke again abruptly; she could not explain to herself the fancy she had taken to the shy child-teacher.

"I wish that I could take you back with me. I would make you have a better time than you did on the steamer. Couldn't you come for a day at least? I would do

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my very best to make you enjoy it. You don't know how much in earnest I am. Couldn't you, Sister Lucy Day?"

Sister Lucy stood gazing at her incredulously. She had had dreams all unguessed by the sober sisters about her—dreams woven of the golden tissues of youth and fancy that shimmered across the placid gray fabric of her days. And now—

The sound of a distant bell tinkled through the warm air. Sister Lucy started confusedly. "Oh, nay!" she cried, almost beseechingly. "Don't ask me. We of the heavenly life do not visit in the world outside. I must go now. Will you wait for your friends here, or go back to the office till your dinner is ready?"

"I will wait here," the girl answered. "Good-by, Sister Lucy; won't you shake hands with me?"

Sister Lucy put her hand shyly in the girl's. "Good-by," she replied. Then she turned and hurried down the path, her dress brushing little pungent odors from the herbs as she passed; not once did she look back.

The girl wandered about in the shadiest places, yawning once more over the stupidity of it all. When dinner was ready, she sat down with the others in the visitors' dining-room, and tasted curiously the creamed codfish with its disks of boiled potatoes and eggs, and the spiced apple-sauce. She wondered what Sister Lucy would say to a hotel menu. Then the carriage was brought around, and the boarders, enthusiastic over the day, climbed regretfully in, and the girl followed, and her spirits rose. She acknowledged frankly that she was not made for the chill delights of the angelic life.

From the school-house door Sister Lucy watched the merry load drive off. A vague shadowing of discontent clouded her eyes; life seemed a joyous and radiant thing in the world outside. All day long the brilliant, enticing visions hovered on the edge of her thoughts. After supper, as she and Sister Matilda paced up and down in the soft dusk, her longings touched speech.

"There must be beautiful things in the world outside," she said, wistfully. "Did you ever long to see them?"

Sister Matilda's middle-aged face grew faintly pink.

"Yee, I did once," she acknowledged. "But there are bitter troubles and sorrowful wrongs in the world outside. Think how many have come to us for refuge! Do you recollect what Sister Martha said in meeting about the fine-seeming fruit with the rotten core?"

"Yee, and the discourse of Brother Abraham last First-Day morning."

The voice made them turn. Unnoticed, Sister Miriam had come up behind them; the delicate, austere beauty of her face, lit as by a white flame with the intensity of her speech, shone like a flower in the soft dusk. Her voice pierced the shadows like a sword. "The vision that is given each of us to hold in our hearts—the wonderful white vision in which all colors throb, all human longings and passions are sanctified and made meet for the heavenly city! It is a glimpse of the gates of pearl seen very far off down the vista of the years of our lives, but waiting—waiting! And with the vision in our hearts we cannot go astray; the white thing burns there, warning, guiding, drawing us upward to the reality of which it is but the pale reflection. It is our most precious charge, this vision, yee, dearer than life itself. The world knows it and tries to rob us of it; not by violence—nay, the world knows a better way. A little thought creeps in and blows like smoke across our souls: it is nothing we can touch—fugitive, uncertain, a vapor that will pass away. But other thoughts follow, and others, till a thick cloud veils our holy thing from us, and we are lost in the wilderness of the world. Oh, child, child, guard yourself well! The world outside is black and troubled. Here only is the shining peace of the heavenly way—here only the path that leads to the gates of pearl."

The voice thrilled into silence, and the sister passed on, the soft darkness closing about her. Sister Matilda looked after her with an awed face.

"Sister Miriam was strangely moved," she said.

"Yee, she was," Sister Lucy answered, tremulously.

And yet—and yet—long after Sister Matilda was asleep that night, little Sister Lucy lay with wide-open eyes seeing visions. And the visions were not of the Holy City, but of the beautiful, alluring world outside.

As the days passed, however, the sunny peace of the place drew her soul back

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into its wonted sweet tranquillity. There was much to do with visitors' meals to be prepared almost daily, and the famous black and elderberry and tomato wines to be made, in addition to the orderly processes of the daily work. The sisters were very happy over it all; they liked the excitement of visitors; and the fees for showing them about, which were their own, and not put into the common fund, were also much to their liking. Then in September came the Fair—the one great excitement of their lives. Each day of the Fair the big, four-seated wagon carried a load of demurely excited Shakeresses, who wandered about the crowded little buildings, commenting upon the vegetables and cordials for which they always carried home many premiums—studying with a fearful fascination the worldly fashions about them, and hurrying with agitated steps past the terrible allurements of the side-shows.

On the fourth day came Sister Lucy's turn, and she and Sister Matilda sat together in the back seat of the long wagon. Sister Matilda talked steadily. Sister Lucy listened, only half hearing. The joy of the day spoke with more intimate accents; the blue eyes shone like stars in the depths of the Shaker bonnet.

As they neared the Fair grounds it became evident that something unusual was on foot. Brother Leonard, after guiding his team half-way into the tangle of vehicles, looked back apologetically.

"I don't see's but we'll have to wait till folks move on a little," he said.

The sisters waited willingly. There was much to see, and the delicate flavor of mystery heightened their enjoyment. Suddenly Sister Lucy turned to her seat-mate.

"I hear something," she cried. "Listen; there it is again!"

Sister Matilda leaned forward. "I do believe I do!" she returned.

Then they looked at each other and waited breathless. It came again—the strains of a popular song, played by some wheezy mechanism, wandering faintly down the sultry air. There came something else—a long, dismal roar that stirred the crowd to tenser interest and a quick surging forward along the dusty road.

Sister Lucy's face was fairly white under the stress of possibilities.

"Do you presume it can be—" she began. But Brother Joseph was leaning out of the wagon to question a small boy who was worming his way through the crowd.

"What's the matter here?" he asked.

The boy checked his onward progress long enough for a withering look of contempt. "I thought 'twas the circus, but I guess it's the animals that escaped from your ark," he retorted, with amiable personal reference.

The wave of agitation had reached the wagon now, without question. The sisters looked at each other fearfully. A circus—was there anything more worldly? And yet—when it was forced upon one! Sister Mary Ellen spoke with faint-hearted suggestion.

"We can close our eyes."

Sister Matilda's eyes, wide open, flashed with fixed resolve.

"If the spirit moves you to shut your eyes, why, shut them!" she cried. "As for me, I'm going to look. I consider it an opportunity. I guess, if animals were worth saving in the flood, 'tain't wicked for me to see what they look like. I always did hanker to see a lion. I hold 'tis a light on Scripture."

Sister Lucy gave her friend one glad, quick smile, and then turned her eager face towards the cloud of dust slowly rolling down the road. Silently but steadily the other Shaker bonnets veered until they all pointed in the same direction. The cloud of dust, breaking into yellow whirls, disclosed a great lurching slate-colored hulk. Sister Matilda drew a long breath.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried, softly.

The boy, having met with ill success in his gimlet-like career, had returned, and, with charming forgetfulness of any possible unpleasantness in the past, established himself upon one of the wheels. For one incredulous instant he transferred his gaze to Sister Matilda.

"What you giving us?" he demanded with irate scorn.

Sister Matilda did not notice. Bending forward, she was peering through her glasses with the eagerness of a child. "It can't be a lion," she argued. "Oh, I wish that dust would blow away; it is so long in coming! I didn't suppose there was anything so big in the world."

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The boy thrust his head in the side; he saw an opportunity for glory, and with the promptness of genius seized his advantage.

"That's an elephant!" he declared, with the voice of authority. "Ain't you never seen a circus before? I'll tell you; I know 'em all, and I'll point 'em all out to you. I'll show you the lady what rides four horses bareback. Gee, but she's a jolly one! That's a lion coming in the first cage; and the man on top, he's the lion-tamer, what goes in the cage and makes him do tricks. You'd jest ought to see him snap his whip when the lion's mad! Cracky—I wouldn't like to be him sometimes."

The sisters stared out wonderingly and the boy expatiated. Never before, surely, had so much worldliness brushed against the white withdrawal of their lives. When, at last, the cheap, bright-colored procession had passed and the crowd about them began to separate, they woke as from a dream. They looked half guiltily at each other.

"It don't seem like Fair-day," Sister Matilda said, a trifle uneasily.

"No, it don't," Sister Lucy returned. She dared not confess it, but she wished that all the Fair would be like this; the gay procession, with its flaunting brilliancy and tramping of many feet, had blotted out the sweet green ways to Peace.

But inside the Fair-grounds old habits asserted themselves. The brothers put up the horses and the sisters went over to the main building. Suddenly Sister Matilda gave a little cry of pleasure.

"There's Rachel Quimby!" she exclaimed, starting down one of the aisles. She stopped a moment to look back over her shoulder, laughing.

"If I should get left you needn't worry—I'll go home with Rachel," she said.

The other sisters looked after her with shamefaced interest. Rachel Quimby was Matilda's sister in the flesh, who had run away from the Family years before and married a young carpenter. She was never mentioned in the Family except as a warning; once or twice a year she came over for a day as a visitor to see Sister Matilda, but she was not welcomed, and the younger Shakeresses especially were discreetly kept from the influence of her rosy contentment.

As she saw Sister Matilda, she ran eagerly forward, dragging her two little girls with her, her round face beaming with pleasure.

"She seems real happy," one of the sisters remarked, soberly.

"Yee, she does," another agreed. "It's queer—when she's in the world outside."

Sister Lucy started with sudden determination. "I'm going with Sister Matilda," she said. "I'll meet you at the wagon at five o'clock, if I don't before," and she turned away with most worldly haste to be out of the reach of argument.

Mrs. Quimby met her with warmest cordiality. She would take them both out in the grounds to see a Jersey calf of George's that was going to take a prize; and they must see her preserves, too, and then go over into the grove and have lunch with her. Protests were of no avail. The strong tide of her hospitality swept away all remonstrances. Little Sister Lucy, in silent delight, drank to the full the cup of worldly pleasure, and only toward mid-afternoon tore herself away. Sister Matilda might want to be alone with Rachel Quimby a little while, she thought; she would go and find the others.

She pushed searchingly through the crowded buildings, looking for a glimpse of the familiar Shaker bonnets. It began to seem very lonely in the strange, hurrying throng; she had so hoped that she would find them somewhere inside, and not have to cross the grounds alone; she had half a mind to go back and wait for Sister Matilda again—she stopped with timid irresolution.

"Why, Sister Lucy Day!"

It was a gay, girlish voice, and a pretty girlish face looked down at her from under a jaunty sailor hat. Sister Lucy gave a little cry of relief.

"I was looking for the sisters," she faltered. "I can't find them. I think I'll have to go over to where the team is fastened, and it's such a long walk alone!"

"We'll go with you, of course," the girl answered, promptly. "I *am* so glad that I happened to see you! Which way was the team left? And did you really come with some brothers?"

"Over at the south gate," Sister Lucy answered. The girl's escort looked up quickly.

"Then we'll have to hurry a bit, I

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fancy. They were harnessing twenty minutes ago—I happened to notice as I passed."

The girl clapped her hands delightedly. "Now you'll have to stay with me," she cried. "I shall have you, in spite of yourself, for one lovely worldly night!"

Sister Lucy moved on hurriedly. "Oh, we must catch them!" she cried, fearfully. "What will they think?"

"I don't care what they think!" the girl laughed. "Accidents will happen, and nobody can help it. I believe in enjoying them. You shall hear a concert—a beautiful concert. Won't you like that?"

"Yee," Sister Lucy answered, longingly. "Oh, yee, I would."

"Well, then?" laughed the girl once more. Then she stopped, shading her eyes with her dainty white-gloved hand. "Isn't that the team driving out of the gate now?" she asked.

"I will run and try to stop it if you wish," the young man said, looking kindly into Sister Lucy's frightened face.

Sister Lucy looked down; her voice was very low. "Nay," she answered, "I fear you couldn't catch it—if I won't be too much trouble—"

The girl clapped her hands exultantly. "You are mine—mine for one whole night!" she cried. "You shall have the *loveliest* time!"

. . . . . .

The gates at the Fair-grounds were opened at eight o'clock in the morning. At a quarter before, a little gray figure stood there waiting. Inside she could hear the animals and see the attendants hurrying about; in front of her stretched the meadows, a wonderful radiancy of emerald and silver. There had been a very heavy dew the night before, and drops were trickling from the tips of the leaves as the wind stirred them. All the confused yesterday seemed a troubled dream before the fresh beauty of the morning. She was glad that she had not let any one come over with her from the hotel. People had been kind with all delicate consideration, and the girl—oh, the girl had done everything, but—she started and looked intently down the road. Almost it seemed at first that she must be looking into a mirror; then, with a glad cry, she ran forward.

"Oh, Sister *Matilda!*"

Sister Matilda's round face, which had been bent studiously downward, was raised incredulously. "Why, Lucy Day!" she exclaimed.

"I got left," Sister Lucy explained, half sobbing. "Some visitors who were at the Family in June found me and took care of me. They were kind, and I heard beautiful music, but—oh! I am so glad to see you! I couldn't wait to come this morning."

"That's the way 'twas with me," Sister Matilda assented. "I was so taken up with Rachel Quimby that I didn't look at the time till 'twas too late, and I went home with her. She has a real pretty home, but somehow I felt like a cat in a strange garret in that bedroom. And then the children was so noisy! I guess she ain't got real good management of them."

"It was such a little bedroom in the hotel," Sister Lucy said, "I thought I should smother! And 'twasn't real clean—round the woodwork, I mean. But you'd ought to see the mirrors!"

"Yes, I've heard of them," Sister Matilda answered. "Did they dress much?"

"Oh, yee!" Sister Lucy flushed in the shadows of her bonnet. "I didn't look at some of them," she said in a low voice.

"Well, I guess there's different ways out in the world," Sister Matilda responded. "We'll talk it all over some day." But there was a noticeable lack of enthusiasm in her voice.

An embarrassed silence fell between them. Sister Lucy spoke first, twisting her fingers in the folds of her straight skirt. "I—I think I ought to tell you. I saw the team leave the grounds, and a young man offered to try to stop it for me, but I told him I didn't think he could. *I—I didn't want him to try!*"

Sister Matilda turned her pleasant, wholesome face towards the younger sister. There was an anxious expression marring its peacefulness, but a distant appreciation lurked behind her glasses.

"Well, you ain't the only one," she said, frankly. "I didn't hunt for a clock till 'twas too late, because I *wanted to get left!* I kind of guess we're well paid, both of us."

"Yee, we are," Sister Lucy answered, faintly. Then she lifted her head. Down

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the road came a wagon with merrily jingling bells; the sound was well known by lazy housekeepers in three villages, who defended themselves by saying that Mr. Peckham's bread was as good and cheap as any they could make. The sisters looked at each other.

"He would take us as far as the cross-roads," Sister Lucy cried, eagerly. "It's only half a mile from there. It seems as if I don't want to see the Fair again this year."

"Yee, I feel the same way!" Sister Matilda replied.

Five minutes later the two sisters were wedged closely on the seat beside the portly baker. The sweet morning air was all a-quiver with the ecstasy of birds. Down the green-shadowed road, unseen as yet, but closer every minute, waited their serene, untroubled world. The faces under the Shaker bonnets were full of peace.

History of the Philippine Islands from 1899-1903

JUNE 10, 1899. The discussion on expansion results in a victory of the anti-expansionists. Congress in extra session determines to leave the natives to establish their own government. It votes to recognize the revolutionary government under Aguinaldo; to withdraw the army and navy of the United States; and to notify the Powers that any interference with the liberties of the Philippine Republic or any attempt to seize or invade its territory will be regarded as an unfriendly act by the United States Government.

July 4, 1899. Evacuation of Manila and Iloilo. All foreign residents leave the cities. The natives said to be bearing themselves with admirable discipline and self-restraint.

July 7, 1899. Looting by natives in the suburbs of Manila. Native soldiers said to be joining.

July 8, 1899. The looting spreads. Only a fraction of Aguinaldo's soldiers are still under control. Conflagrations.

July 9, 1899. Manila in ashes, including the walled city. Headquarters of Aguinaldo moved to the suburbs.

July 23, 1899. Inter-tribal troubles are said to be growing serious. An expedition is planned to punish the inhabitants of Negros for not joining in the resistance to the Americans, but giving in their submission to the American Government in February, 1899.

August 13, 1899. Open war is reported between the tribes. All are opposed to Tagal supremacy. The extent of the troubles is not ascertainable, as white men are not permitted anywhere on pain of death. The wealthier natives of all tribes are leaving the islands. Bands of marauders are said to be everywhere.

August 30, 1899. Assassination of Aguinaldo by his lieutenant, Lopez. The act evidently the result of a widespread conspiracy. The Tagals are now fighting one another. Several dictators have issued proclamations. The European ammunition said to be exhausted and no money to buy more. Native weapons are being used.

September 12, 1899. The cable has been cut. Fugitives report that Iloilo, hitherto held by a relative of Aguinaldo, has been captured and burned.

December 7, 1899. The Supreme Court decides in a test case that the United States are liable for loss of property by foreign residents consequent on the evacuation. The claims are said to amount to $15,000,000.

January 16, 1903. The Powers unite in addressing a remonstrance to the United States Government on account of the condition of the Philippine archipelago. All orderly commerce has ceased there. The islands are a nest of pirates, with Malay crews and white leaders. The inhabitants have been driven into the interior by the forays of Malay head-hunters.

March 1, 1903. Congress, recognizing that there is no government in the Philippines, and desiring to secure to the inhabitants the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, orders the President to take forcible possession of the islands and establish a limited area of colonization about Manila Bay as a nucleus of civilization.

May 2, 1903. Admiral Dewey enters Manila Bay and hoists the Stars and Stripes. R.

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Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending March 10. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

The first Welshman that came to America is said to have been Captain Jones, of the Mayflower, whose safe conduct of the Pilgrims to Plymouth Rock is but one of many deeds that entitle a brave though small nation to honorable esteem. Among the million Welsh now our countrymen there are and have been preachers of high distinction. *The Cambro-American Pulpit*, by the Rev. Vyrnwy Morgan, is a literary gallery containing thirty-two of these, with a sermon, a biographical sketch, and a portrait of each. Among these we note Professors E. D. Morris and the late Llewellyn Evans, both of Lane Theological Seminary, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, and Dr. W. H. Roberts, the accomplished Clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, with his father, Dr. W. H. Roberts, a prince of preachers years ago. Mr. Morgan, who introduces us to this goodly fellowship with a sketch of Wales as it was and as it is, rivals the typical American in national pride. We have noted in England a large demand for Welsh preachers, which seems to be in line with Mr. Morgan's opinion that "in power to move and thrill a mixed audience a first-class popular Welsh preacher has no rival." (The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.)

Religion as the regulative principle of a normal human life, developing and energizing the will as the executive faculty for the realization of full moral freedom, is the main theme of a volume in the Oxford Library of Practical Theology entitled *Religion*, by the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's. Written in a chaste literary style, morally strenuous and spiritually devout, it may be read with profit by all, even though with dissent from the author's insistence on the vital importance of an episcopate transmitted directly from the Apostles, or his suspicion that doubts about baptismal regeneration tend to grow into a challenge of Christianity all along the line. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

A little book on the lines of the Keswick teaching, *The Surrendered Life: Quiet Hour Meditations*, by the Rev. J. W. Chapman, D.D., inculcates the lesson of thoroughgoing and loyal fellowship with Christ. That it specially addresses young people makes it the more necessary to qualify its teaching that "it is not a good thing for one to make plans for his own life," but rather to find God's plan for us and follow it. This obscures the truth that the divine will works always through human wills. It is only by endeavor to find out what we can best do, and trying to do it, that we find out what God would have us to do. (United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston.)

Along with Principal Simon's elaborate work, "Reconciliation through Incarnation," noticed last week, a smaller treatise of the same tenor from another British theologian emphasizes the fact that a theological transformation of the doctrine of the Atonement is going on. The four Hulsean Lectures at Cambridge for 1898–99, by Archdeacon Wilson, of Manchester, on *The Gospel of the Atonement*, while in familiar phrases affirming the Atonement to be the central, the cardinal Christian truth, discard the traditional theories which construe it after the analogy of the Jewish sacrifices. Such theories are reckoned as mere mythology, built up by a too literal use of metaphorical altar-terms. By "propitiation" St. John is affirmed to have meant "no more than the assurance of God's love toward us, and of his union with us," whereas it has acquired from long misuse the notion of appeasing an angry or averted God. The real Atonement is "the identification of the human and the divine life" which appears in the Incarnation. Because this reveals the unity of God and man in Christ as a unity also in the suffering by which alone the grip of sin could be unclutched, the detestableness of sin is made as apparent in this view of the subject as by the older theories of expiation. Declaring that the Church is

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weak in its popular theology, Archdeacon Wilson desiderates an intelligent clergy "to interpret into the vernacular the strong and masculine faith that is now possible." The final lecture gives an interesting view of the relation of this view of the Atonement to other contemporary movements of thought, in which may be discerned as characteristic of our times a reversion toward the primitive Christian idea of the divine indwelling in humanity. This book deserves to be widely read. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

HISTORY AND ECONOMICS

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, well known, especially in Massachusetts, as a scholarly political critic, has embodied the study of many years in two volumes, entitled *The Lesson of Popular Government*, which we shall review hereafter. Mr. Bradford holds in general that while our political machinery has indeed successfully weathered the storms of a century, defects are manifest which imperatively require readjustments to be made, in order to escape the catastrophe, otherwise inevitable, of the overthrow of democracy. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

An attempt to discuss "the place and value of the leisure class as an economic factor in modern life" is the description given by the author, Mr. Thorstein Veblen, of the book *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. The character and scope of the work call for treatment in a fuller review than is possible at this moment. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The Jacksonian Epoch, by Charles H. Peck, is the story of a period which to the author is "the most suggestive and dramatic in our history," and which by reason of the author's treatment becomes to the reader more suggestive and dramatic than it has previously appeared. His method of treatment is to take the two men, Clay and Jackson, who personified the ideals and instincts of their parties, and through their biographies give the struggle of political forces the human and vital interest lacking in an abstract review. Without doubt the author has exaggerated the importance both of the period and the men. The era has always been considered one of petty politics and petty politicians, as contrasted both with either "the transfiguration splendor" of the Revolutionary epoch or the moral grandeur of the conflict for the overthrow of slavery. Yet, as our author maintains, the era was one in which the rapid democratization of our political life took place, and in which the economic questions of tariff, currency, and internal improvements, still of supreme importance, first began to divide National parties. The author's exaggeration of the interest of the period has perhaps helped him in writing a spirited account of its events. His style is uniformly attractive, though occasionally there are careless sentences, and at one point—his account of an alleged tradition that Henry Clay once overcame three desperadoes and released their leader in order to fight a duel with him—his love of what is interesting gets the better of his historical judgment. This story bears all the internal evidence of a newspaper fake, and the fact that it was first published in the Louisville "Courier-Journal" and the New York "Sun" in 1896 makes further evidence unnecessary. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Value and Distribution, by Charles William Macfarlane, is an essay upon the development of economic theories in relation to value, price, rent, profit, interest, and wages. The moral question, how products should be distributed, and the social question, how they are being distributed, are alike outside the plan of the work. It is emphatically the book of a scholar for scholars, but its style, though occasionally obscured by the words and diagrams of schoolmen, is exceptionally clear. The author has been educated under economists of the Austrian school, and his work, while independent, bears constantly the impress of their teachings. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

One more volume has been added to the rapidly accumulating list of books about the war with Spain written by actors therein. Lieutenant-Colonel John D. Miley, as all readers of despatches know, was General Shafter's right-hand man for executive work in the Santiago campaign. His opportunities for knowing facts were unexcelled. His book *In Cuba with Shafter*, like General Wheeler's book, lacks color and narrative skill, and has too many official documents in full to make it quite acceptable to the mass of readers. The author, as a rule, avoids questions of re-

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sponsibility for defects, and contents himself with a straightforward account of events as he saw them. As material for future historians its value is of the highest. The maps are particularly valuable. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

NOVELS AND TALES

Espíritu Santo, by Henrietta Dana Skinner, is a story of the Paris musical world, with a strong devotional tendency from the view-point of the best side of Roman Catholicism. It is excellent in tone and purpose, and some of the characters—Spanish, French, and Italian—are clearly done. It does not, however, show constructive skill, and would have been improved by vigorous compression. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Amateur Cracksman, by E. W. Hornung, shows us the burglar's life from the burglar's side, and in this case the author has the bold idea of making his criminals young men of high social standing. The tales are fairly clever, but decidedly ephemeral. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

BIOGRAPHY

Under the title *The Martyrdom of an Empress* an anonymous writer tells of the personal and family life of the Empress of Austria, lately assassinated at Geneva. The publishers state that the author was an intimate friend and confidante of the Empress. The value of the book is greatly lessened by its anonymity. It is well known that Vienna and Europe have abounded in scandalous stories, not only connected with the life and suicide of the wretched Crown Prince Rudolph, but with society and court life generally. Many of these stories are here repeated, but without any authentication. The martyrdom of the Empress referred to in the title was not her murder, but her life, which was made unhappy by petty jealousies, domestic afflictions, and lack of appreciation. The author entirely denies that the Empress had any taint of insanity, and regards her as one of the purest and most beautiful characters of modern royal history—"accomplished, level-headed, and sagacious." There are several portraits—that of the "Empress at sixty" may be based on a photograph taken at that age, but, if so, has been retouched and "processed" until it becomes absurd to place that statement under it. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

At this time any book relating to Spanish history or diplomacy would attract attention. To know the people, rather than the wars, of our late foes is in harmony with the American temperament. An opportunity of learning of the intrigues of the Court of Philip V., the grandson of Louis XIV., will be found in the pages of the *Story of the Princess des Ursins*. This lady was the camarera-mayor of the little thirteen-year-old Queen of Philip V., Marie Louise of Savoy. The old King writes of her at the time of her marriage, "Nothing can be known as yet of the disposition of the Princess of Savoy. She is of too tender an age to entertain thoughts of ruling at present, but that same tender age is keenly susceptible to all kinds of impressions." The Princess des Ursins was called from Italy to attend the Queen in her journey to Spain and the court at Madrid, as her recognized counselor, guide, and friend. This lady was chosen because of her rare abilities which had been manifested at different periods during her residence in Italy. The weakness of the young King was recognized by his grandfather, and it was a tribute to the Princess to be asked to take up her residence at the Spanish Court. The story of the rise and downfall of her power at the court, of her banishment, and the return to Madrid under almost royal escort, reads like a romance. The chronicler of these events, Constance Hill, writes in deep sympathy with her heroine, and shows research and historical imagination in her treatment of the troublous times of the wars of the Spanish succession, for the Princess was a central figure in the courts of Spain and France. (R. H. Russell, New York.)

LITERATURE

Principal J. C. Oman has prepared for the general reader rather than for the student a compact volume describing the origin, structure, and literary quaiity of *The Great Indian Epics*. The sub-title, "Stories of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata," indicates the method of the book, which is to describe, in the first place, the origin and antiquity of the two epics, and then to condense and set in order the principal

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incidents and stories of which these poems are made up; the writer's intention being to reproduce faithfully the main incidents and striking features of the poems, and to furnish both with such notes as the text seems to demand for its clear understanding by the reader. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Professor A. W. Ward's *A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne* has been for many years the standard work in this department, covering as it does with great wealth of scholarship and abundant illustration the whole development of English dramatic literature to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Since the publication of the work, now almost a quarter of a century ago, great advances have been made in many of the fields which it covers; and Professor Ward has wisely concluded, not only to revise his work, but largely to rewrite it, without changing the plan or in most cases modifying his general conclusions. He acknowledges his indebtedness to "The Dictionary of National Biography," and expresses his regret that Mr. Sidney Lee's monograph on Shakespeare did not appear before this revision had gone to press. The work is now reissued in three large volumes, substantially made and thoroughly indexed, and the story is brought down to the end of the Stuart drama. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

TRAVEL AND SCIENCE

Why Miss Mary H. Kingsley went to the West Coast of Africa is thus explained by her:

> For the past fifteen years I have been reading up Africa; and the effect of the study of this literature may best be summarized in Mr. Kipling's observation:
>
> For to admire an' for to see,
> For to be'old this world so wide,
> It's never been no good to me,
> But I can't drop it if I tried.

Wherein it has failed to be of good, I hastily remark, is that, after all this fifteen years' reading, I found I had to go down into the most unfashionable part of Africa myself to try to find out whatever the thing was really like, and also to discover which of my authors had been doing the heaviest amount of lying.

West African Studies is her second large volume on the general topic, and to the first she lightly alludes in her present preface as "that word-swamp." Any author who can poke fun at his or her own frailties is sure to be worth reading, and this book is no exception. Miss Kingsley writes in high spirits—her description of the Driver Ant is worthy of Mark Twain—and if one at times finds the lively flow of chat a little too irrepressible and continuous, the fault is balanced by a great deal of seriously valuable first-hand information about West African natives, religions or superstitions, witchcraft, morals and immorals, customs, trade, colonial possibilities, property rights, folk-lore, fetichism, race divisions, and much else. Miss Kingsley went through all manner of discomforts and dangers cheerfully, and never brags about her exploits. What she has to tell is new, interesting, and, from the ethnological point of view, important. Of the problems related to England's attitude toward her West African colonies and the near-by tribes the author writes freely, and with strong disapprobation of much of the present policy of Crown Colonies. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

MISCELLANEOUS

The Observations of a Ranchwoman, by Edith M. Nicholl (The Macmillan Company, New York), is a fearless analysis and presentation of the difficulties to be overcome by the new settler in New Mexico. The political, race, and physical conditions that control life in that region are presented with a graphic pen by a vivacious writer, who finds the slack, easy, and thriftless Mexican a trial almost unbearable. The life of the farmer is made attractive in spite of the obstacles so clearly depicted. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Our Feathered Friends, by Elizabeth Grinnell and Joseph Grinnell, is beautifully illustrated and contains many interesting stories of individual birds. The style is the narrative rather than the descriptive. Children young enough to be interested in the study of birds as presented in this book would be confused by many of the analogies. For instance, one chapter is entitled "How Madam Bird Combs Her Hair." In "At the Garden Party" the birds illustrate almost every human vice—a contradiction of the book's title. The cover designs are beautiful. (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.)

Music and Musicians, translated from the French of Albert Lavignac, Professor of Harmony in the Paris Conservatory, is

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a veritable encyclopædia of music. It covers almost every known phase of its subject, physiological, mechanical, technological, historical, biographical, æsthetical, bibliographical, and critical, and yet it is compact and readable. We welcome it not merely as a product of musical learning, but as one of the numerous unmistakable indications that music is rapidly taking the place of dignity in the scheme of Anglo-Saxon civilization which it deserves, and yet which has been so long denied it. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

Mr. Clifton Johnson has edited *Don Quixote* for use in homes and schools. He has reduced the story to a moderate compass by striking out the digressions and the minor characters without otherwise changing the original text. He has used Mr. Ormsby's translation, and ten illustrations from Cruikshank have been introduced in the volume. Such a version as this may be used to interest young readers in one of the great classics of literature in the hope that, having been attracted by the narrative, they will in maturer years read the original in its entirety. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The *Songs of Williams*, edited by G. C. Leonard, H. C. Taylor, and C. T. Whelan, contains a collection of nearly one hundred songs dear to the students and graduates of Williams College, to whom this volume will make its special appeal. The relation of song to sentiment and character is so intimate that the songs of a college are important as indicating its temper and spirit. They are the expression of the college ideals, and they are associated in the most intimate way with that fellowship of college life which is one of the most important educational influences. These songs, like all other similar collections, show great inequality, both in poetic substance and in musical composition, but such a collection is to be looked on from the side of history and of sentiment. Every such collection, like every hymnology, contains productions which, if not supremely valuable in themselves, are valuable by reason of their associations. The Williams songs do not fall below the highest standards in this field. This volume is well printed and substantially bound in the Williams color, and can be had from Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., G. P. Putnam's Sons, and Brentano's in this city.

A literary trifle entitled *And Then Came Spring*, by Garret Van Arkel (E. R. Herrick & Co., New York), is called a story of moods. It is a sketch of a man without either dominant virtues or vices. This book recalls the sad truth, "of making many books there is no end."

The retirement of Dr. Henry M. Field from the editorship of the New York "Evangelist," which he has conducted for a greater number of years than we can at present recall, attracts attention to the unique position which he and his distinguished brothers have maintained in the affairs of this State and of the Nation. It is needless to say anything about the prominence and achievements of Cyrus Field and Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court; it may not be so commonly remembered, outside of the profession of law, that another brother, David Dudley Field, was, in the opinion of many of his colleagues, for many years one of the most commanding figures at the American bar. He has left his permanent impress upon the profession and practice of law by his well-known codification of the laws of the State of New York. Dr. Henry M. Field has prepared a biography of his brother with the title *The Life of David Dudley Field*, which was published last year by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York), and which deserves to take its place on the library shelf with other useful biographical records of influential American citizens.

Literary Notes

—Early next year Dr. Sven Hedin, the author of "Across Asia," proposes to start on another three years' solitary exploration in the interior of Asia.

—The Oxford University Press is about producing "The Vicar of Wakefield" in a 548-page volume that measures 2½ by 1¾ by ⅜ inches. When put on a scale, comments the New York "Times," the "Vicar" will weigh, say, about five of our old-fashioned pennies.

—"The late John Holmes," says the Boston "Transcript," "resented any imputed superiority of his brother to himself. On one occasion a man who was introduced to him exclaimed, 'What! John

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Holmes! The brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes?' 'No, sir,' retorted John Holmes, with characteristic humor; 'he is the brother of me.'"

—When William Black's "A Daughter of Heth" appeared, and was eulogized in the "Athenæum," a publisher wrote, complaining that a novel he had just issued had received scant notice, "while you have been filling your space with praise of a book by a man named Black, whom nobody ever heard of."

—In a letter printed in the "Illustrated London News," Mr. Hall Caine says that he has never planned any story with the title of "The Drunkard," or even with such a subject. But Mr. Caine is hopeless as to the value of contradictions, and, after instancing several cases in his own experience, says: "I know I shall read in the book of reference for 1900 that in 1899 I published a story called 'The Drunkard.'"

—One of Mr. Kipling's early volumes, a poorly printed and thin octavo, called "The Smith Administration," was sold recently in London for $130. It derives its value from the fact that it is one of three early volumes which cannot be included in the collected edition of Mr. Kipling's works, because of the refusal of the proprietors of the "Pioneer," in which the sketches first appeared, to allow Mr. Kipling to reissue them. Only three copies of this volume were known to be in existence.

—Professor Max Müller, writing in "The Fortnightly" of the two Deans, Stanley and Liddell, says: "When I try to express in one word the character of the two Deans, I should say that they are both perfectly straight; and who does not know what a delight and what a blessing a perfectly straight character is to all who come in contact with him? Only with Stanley that uncompromising straightforwardness was sometimes hidden under very strong sympathies and loving allowances made for others, though not for himself, while with Dean Liddell it stood out boldly and was never to be mistaken. He would never hide his displeasure with what he thought was not quite straight, even in his dearest friends; he might indeed be silent, but then his silence or his shrug of the shoulders was crushing."

Books Received

For the week ending March 17

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA

Mason, Caroline Atwater. A Wind Flower.

THE BANNER TIMES CO., GREENCASTLE, IND.

Stephenson, Andrew. Syllabus of Lectures and Library Guide in Church History.

HENRY T. COATES & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Budd, Henry. St. Mary's Hall Lectures. $1.50.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Herron, George D., D.D. Between Cæsar and Jesus. 75 cts.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN PUBLISHING HOUSE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Hail, A. D., D.D. Japan and its Rescue. 75 cts.

JAMES H. EARLE, BOSTON

Lakeside Cottage. By Author of "Coward or Hero."

THE EDITOR PUBLISHING CO., CINCINNATI

Coll, J. A. The Dust of Dreams.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK

Claretie, Jules. Vicomte de Puyjoli. 75 cts. Englished by Emma M. Phelps.

Alexander, Mrs. Brown, V. C. $1.25.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Grillparzer, Franz. Sappho. Edited by Chiles Clifton Ferrell. 65 cts.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Harper's New Monthly Magazine for 1898. Vols. XCVI. and XCVII.

Harper's Round Table, 1898.

Harper's Bazar, 1898. Vol. XXXI.

Harper's Weekly, 1898. Vol. XLII.

THE HARPER-OSGOOD CO., COLUMBUS, O.

Mundo, Oto. The Recovered Continent. $1.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Dumas, Alexandre. La Tulipe Noire. 40 cts. Edited with Notes by C. Fontaine.

E. R. HERRICK & CO., NEW YORK

Van Arkel, Garret. And Then Came Spring. 50 cts.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

De Ségur, Le Comte. La Retraite de Moscou. 35 cts. Edited by O. B. Super.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

King, Captain Charles. A Trooper Galahad. $1.

Haims, T. Jenkins. The Windjammers. $1.25.

Bond, Francis. English Cathedrals. Illustrated.

De Burgh, A. Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. $2.50.

EDWARD LLOYD, LONDON, ENGLAND

The Municipal Year Book for 1899. Edited by Robert Donald.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Sir Roger de Coverley. By Addison and Steele. Edited by Zelma Gray. 25 cts.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, NEW YORK

Huntington, Webster Perit. The Signor.

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER, EDINBURGH

Brown, William. The Tabernacle and its Services.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO

Carus, Dr. Paul. The Ethical Problem. (Second, Enlarged Edition.)

PARISH CHOIR, BOSTON

The Parish Choir. Edited by Rev. Charles L. Hutchins. Vol. XVIII.

THE PILGRIM PRESS, CHICAGO

McLaren, James H. Calvin Paxton's Patmos.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Hewlett, Maurice. Earthwork Out of Tuscany. Translated by James Kerr-Lawson. $2.

Poems of Therese. Translated from the German by Ellen Frothingham. 75 cts.

REGAN PRINTING HOUSE, CHICAGO

Fuller, Hulbert. God's Rebel.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Noble, Frederic Perry. The Redemption of Africa. In Two Vols. $4.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Cable, George W. Strong Hearts. $1.25.

John, John P. D., D.D. Did Man Make God or Did God Make Man? (A Reply to Robert G. Ingersoll.) 50 cts.

Snell, F. J. The Fourteenth Century. $1.50.

Bruce, Alexander Balmain, D.D. The Epistle to the Hebrews. The First Apology for Christianity. $2.50.

Smith, Henry Preserved, D.D. The Books of Samuel. $3. (The International Critical Commentary.)

Huneker, James. Mezzotints in Modern Music. $1.50.

Müller, The Right Hon. F. Max. Râmakrishna: His Life and Sayings. $1.50.

Henderson, W. J. The Orchestra and Orchestral Music. $1.25.

Parmele, Mary Platt. A Short History of Spain. 60 cts.

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The Religious World

Criticism Among the Methodists

An event of no little significance was the recent reading of a paper by the Rev. Dr. Cadman, of New York, before Methodist ministers at their meeting on March 6. This meeting is not open to reporters, and no authorized synopsis of the proceedings has been given to the public. But, as is usual when there is any special reason for it, unauthorized reports have been sent broadcast over the country. From these little reliable information could be derived. But two of the most prominent of the denominational papers, "Zion's Herald" and the "Christian Advocate," have taken the matter in hand, and from them it is easy to learn the positions taken by Dr. Cadman. We quote as follows from an editorial in the "Christian Advocate:"

> The subject under discussion was in part whether the Bible was absolutely infallible in science and in matters that did not relate to the purpose for which the revelation was given, and in this sense the speaker took the ground that the Bible is not inerrant or infallible; that the writers used the current knowledge of the time for illustration or incidental reference. The ground was also taken that the inspiration is not verbal, as was held by many in former times; that it was an inspiration received from God, of truth expressed according to the character and temperament of the writers. It was maintained that all parts of the Bible are not equally inspired, and that it is the right of the critical student to determine the respective values by comparing them with the fuller light given in the revelation of Jesus Christ. The general tenor of the paper was reverent, and a more glowing eulogy of the historic Christ, and a more ardent statement of faith in him as the world's only source of light, truth, and salvation, has rarely been heard. The paper also took the ground that the inspired compilers of the earlier parts of the Scripture made use, in part, of pre-existing sacred writings.

This extract shows that Dr. Cadman agrees with the advanced constructive critics. He was not irreverent; he was not destructive; and yet he clearly recognized the problem which presses upon all intelligent students of the Bible. If we might be permitted to make a suggestion, it would be that such a paper might appropriately be followed by another on the process by which the canon of Scripture was determined. The reception of this paper shows that there is in the Methodist communion a large number of people who would be almost panic-stricken by such a simple statement of facts concerning the Bible as all scholarly students accept, and, on the other hand, that there are many among the ministry and professors of the Methodist Episcopal Church whose eyes are open, and who are not at all afraid to tell the people the conclusions to which a reverent and thorough study of the origins of the Sacred Scriptures inevitably lead.

The Church in Business

The Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, New York, is about to try the experiment of opening an installment store for the sale of dry-goods in common use. This work has been carried on in a smaller way for some time among the poor of the church. The parishioners have been allowed to purchase, at cost prices, certain articles from the stock which it was necessary to have on hand for the work of the various organizations in the church. The demand has so increased that it has been decided to establish a permanent store. A reasonable price will be charged for the goods sold, but the amount will be much less than that charged in the ordinary stores. The Rev. J. Lewis Parks, D.D., rector of the parish, believes from his former experience that the experiment will succeed, and that the venture will be entirely self-supporting. The enterprise is under the direct supervision of Miss Anthony, an experienced worker in Calvary parish. We quote from the printed descriptions of what is proposed: "The shop, to be truly charitable, must pay. Fair prices must be asked, fair interest upon credit, fair percentage to cover bad debts—the last item to be regulated, not by theory, but actual experience. Upon this basis, our little community should still find the shop a boon. For they will be certain of their goods; they will be treated with consideration and patience, and when the final payment is made upon

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any purchase, the total price will be below, perhaps far below, what is usual in the petty trade."

The New York Congregational Club

The programme of the March meeting of the Congregational Club of New York deserves more than passing notice. The meeting is held as we go to press, and therefore we speak of the programme, which we have no doubt was fully carried out. It was prepared in recognition of the Lenten Season. The subjects were: "Jesus Christ, the Interpreter of the Seen," an address by the Rev. Donald Sage Mackay, D.D., the new pastor of the Collegiate Reformed Church in New York; and "Jesus Christ, the Interpreter of the Unseen," an address by the Rev. J. H. Ecob, D.D., recently of the First Congregational Church of Denver. Of course we cannot speak of the quality of the addresses, but the speakers were chosen with a view of having something constructive, spiritual, and inspiring, and no better choice could have been made. We have called attention to this programme because it is an illustration of what such meetings should be. The season of Lent should be recognized in all religious gatherings, and the programmes, so far as possible, should be planned with a view to deepening the spiritual life.

Death of Dr. Strieby

The Rev. Michael E. Strieby, D.D., who for more than thirty years was Secretary of the American Missionary Association, was one of the noblest men of our country and one of the most useful. His career was unmarked by any startling event, but it was distinguished by wise and self-sacrificing service from its beginning to its end. He was educated at Oberlin College, and for many years was a trustee of that institution. In 1864 he left the pastorate of the Plymouth Congregational Church in Syracuse to become Secretary of the newly formed American Missionary Association, in whose service he spent the remainder of his life. In his early life he was an earnest Abolitionist, and all his active career was spent in labors for the colored races. Probably no man in the country was better informed concerning the work for the elevation of the colored people than Dr. Strieby. But he was more than a Missionary Secretary; he was always sympathetic and helpful, and his service of his brethren in the ministry was gracious and constant. As a reformer, a pastor, a preacher, an administrator of the affairs of a great benevolent society, Dr. Strieby was wise, courageous, able, and gentle. It is difficult to characterize the service of such a servant of his fellow-men. His monument is builded in the hearts of those whom he has helped. He died at Clifton Springs, New York, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Dr. Henry M. Booth

On Saturday last the Rev. Henry M. Booth, D.D., President of Auburn Theological Seminary, and one of the most eminent and scholarly men in the Presbyterian Church, died, after a very brief illness, at the age of fifty-five. Dr. Booth was a graduate of Williams College and of the Union Theological Seminary, and held the pastorate of the Presbyterian church of Englewood, New Jersey, for twenty-four years, ending in 1891, when ill health compelled him to resign. After a year or two of rest he accepted the presidency of the Auburn Seminary in 1893, and also the chair of Practical Theology. Dr. Booth filled several other offices of trust in Presbyterian affairs, such as trusteeships in the Union and Princeton Seminaries. His presidency of Auburn Seminary was marked by eminent success in every way. He had written several books of a religious and theological character, and was a frequent contributor to Church periodicals.

The Resignation of Dr. Evans

The Presbyterian churches of New York City are passing through severe trials. The largest of all, and the wealthiest of the denomination in the world, is without a pastor and with no successor to Dr. Hall in sight. The next strongest has received notification that its pastor will, in the immediate future, resign his charge. One equally prominent, if not quite so large, the Madison Square, is reported to be suffering from its location. Finally, the West Presbyterian Church was surprised a week ago Sunday by the announcement of the resignation of its pastor. The reasons which he gave, when condensed, amount to this: that

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certain persons are attempting to introduce into the church the business methods of the secular world. Dr. Evans, the pastor, has been in New York for two or three years. Under his ministry the church has had a fair but not remarkable growth. His services have helped and satisfied the majority of his people. The financial condition however, has not improved. Under the circumstances what was practically a request for the pastor's resignation was presented to him. Into the merits of this case we do not care to enter—there are some unpleasant features on both sides. We desire only to call attention to the difficulty under which most pastors in metropolitan pulpits are compelled to do their work. The expenses of such a church are very large, and must be, in order to reach the people whom they are intended to reach. If a new church is to be erected, the price of the land is so enormous as to be almost prohibitory. If a new pastor is to be called, and the church owns no parsonage, it must face the fact that the rent of a suitable house would be a large salary in an interior city or a suburban community. Moreover, many of the churches are located where the population is rapidly changing. The expenses can hardly be diminished, while the ability of the people to meet them is seriously lessened.

A Notable Religious Book

It sometimes happens, even in these days of literary publicity, that a book commands wide circulation and exerts wide influence unnoticed by the ordinary literary review and reviewer. Such a book is "In His Steps," by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kansas, published by the Advance Publishing Company of Chicago. Mr. Sheldon is a Congregational clergyman who is deeply interested in Christian Socialism, or the practical, unequivocal, and sincere application of the precepts and principles of Jesus to the ordinary problems of modern life. His book, "In His Steps," in the form of a story shows how difficult it is to do this, and yet how it may be done. In our opinion, "In His Steps" has power of spirit and of intention, and has considerable interest as a story; but as a piece of literary work it errs on the side of emotionalism. We do not, however, mean to criticise, but to record the fact that thousands of copies of the story have been sold in this country; and that this and other of Mr. Sheldon's books are beginning to attract such pronounced attention in England that the correspondent of the "Evening Post," of this city, has twice cabled news about their sale in London. "Wherever one goes [illegible] in trains, on buses, on bookstalls, in shops, and on the street, one book is to be seen everywhere this week—Charles Sheldon's 'In His Steps.' Thirteen English publishers, they say, have reproduced it, at prices ranging from $1 to one penny; the penny edition is hawked about the streets." In a second cable despatch the "Evening Post" announces that "the boom of Charles Sheldon's stories continues. The almost inevitable sequel to this success is the discussion which Clement Shorter has opened, whether Sheldon's views are not really immoral." Of course their supposed immorality, from Mr. Shorter's point of view, is economic, and consists in their danger to what are called "vested rights." It is significant in these days that a book which is professedly religious and professedly a criticism of modern industrial conditions, and an appeal for a social and industrial democracy based on brotherhood, should command so much attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

Good Work in Mexico

It may not be known to all our readers that there is a vigorous Protestant church in the City of Mexico. "The Union Church" in that city ministers to English-speaking people. Its pastor, the Rev. W. Ellsworth Lawson, is a young Englishman. His wife is also English, and for a time was associated with the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Eaton in the work of the American Board in Chihuahua. The conditions of life in Mexico are not favorable to Protestant evangelical churches, but this one not only exists, but is exerting a beneficent influence. A sermon by the pastor on "The New Realism" appears in full in the "Two Republics," published in the City of Mexico. It is an earnest protest against the pernicious fatalism, pessimism, and evil in general which is pervading literature and degrading the life of so many well-to-do people.

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The Anti-Imperialist Position

[The following address The Outlook finds in the daily papers, and reprints it here because it gives in brief as effective a statement as has been made of the opposition to the present course of the United States Government, and is made weighty by the character of the men whose names are attached to it. Comment is made upon it in our editorial columns.—THE EDITORS.]

To the People of the United States:

The full ratification of the treaty with Spain will cause a technical change in the relations of the United States to the Philippine Islands, but will afford no reason for any change of the views of the anti-imperialists in regard to the future of the islands, nor will it in the least affect the clear duty of this Republic.

We are now engaged in warfare with the inhabitants of those islands. It is unprofitable to discuss the question as to which party began hostilities. No other result could have been expected, when the lines of two opposing military forces were held so close and in such tense condition that little was needed to cause an explosion.

The evidence is very clear that Aguinaldo was brought to the islands by our own war-ship, that his aid was accepted and desired in our military operations against the Spaniards, and that hopes of independence were encouraged by our consuls and other officers; that a parliament of the islands, organized by representatives elected by 186 towns and provinces, chose Aguinaldo President, and framed a constitution, which was promulgated, defining the powers and duties of the separate departments of the government with remarkable clearness and ability, and that the government so formed fairly represented the intelligence of the people of the islands.

It is also undeniable that on January 5 President McKinley issued a proclamation through General Otis, declaring that on the 10th of the previous month the Philippine Islands had been ceded to this country by Spain by the signature of the Treaty of Paris, and further ordered him to extend the military government of the United States "to the whole of the ceded territory," and to demand the surrender of Iloilo, which was then held by the Filipinos in an orderly manner by capture from the Spaniards.

It cannot be claimed in law that this assumption of power was warranted in advance of the ratification of the treaty by both parties, and there can be no doubt that the arbitrary claim greatly aggravated the people of the islands, whose hope of independence seemed thus rudely destroyed.

No declaratory resolution as to the future of the islands was assented to by the Administration before the ratification of the treaty by the Senate, and none has been made since.

Any right that we assert to ownership of the Philippines must rest, therefore, either upon conquest or upon purchase from their Spanish oppressors, or upon both; and in any case it is, as we believe, inconsistent with the principles of this Republic, and fraught with danger to its peace and to the peace of the world.

The first result we already witness—a war of subjugation, which must embitter the people we seek to rule, and which, however successful, must bring disaster and death to our soldiers and unmeasured cost to our people.

Profoundly impressed with the seriousness of the situation, it is the purpose of the anti-imperialists to continue the circulation of literature, to assist in the formation of leagues, and, by public meetings, and every proper means known to a free people, to agitate for the revival in the land of the spirit of Washington and Lincoln, to protest against a spirit of militarism and force, to oppose the colonial idea and a permanently large standing army, and to assert the vital truths of the Declaration of Independence embodied in the Constitution and indissolubly connected with the welfare of this Republic.

They urge, therefore, all lovers of freedom, without regard to party associations, to co-operate with them to the following ends:

First—That our Government shall take immediate steps toward a suspension of hostilities

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in the Philippines and a conference with the Philippine leaders, with a view to preventing further bloodshed upon the basis of a recognition of their freedom and independence as soon as proper guarantees can be had of order and protection to property.

Second—That the Government of the United States shall tender an official assurance to the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands that they will encourage and assist in the organization of such a government in the islands as the people thereof shall prefer, and that upon its organization in stable manner the United States, in accordance with its traditional and prescriptive policy in such cases, will recognize the independence of the Philippines and its equality among nations, and gradually withdraw all military and naval forces.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, of Massachusetts.
GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, of Vermont.
JOHN SHERMAN, of Washington.
DONELSON CAFFERY, of Louisiana.
W. BOURKE COCKRAN, of New York.
WILLIAM H. FLEMING, of Georgia.
HENRY U. JOHNSON, of Indiana.
SAMUEL GOMPERS, of Washington.
FELIX ADLER, of New York.
DAVID STARR JORDAN, President Leland Stanford Junior University.
WINSLOW WARREN, of Massachusetts.
HERBERT WELSH, of Pennsylvania.
LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON, of Connecticut.
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, of Massachusetts.
SAMUEL BOWLES, of Massachusetts.
I. J. MCGINITY, of Cornell University.
EDWARD ATKINSON, of Massachusetts.
CARL SCHURZ, of New York.
REVERDY JOHNSON, of Maryland.
HERMANN VON HOLST, of Chicago University.
MOORFIELD STOREY, of Massachusetts.
PATRICK A. COLLINS, of Massachusetts.
THEODORE L. CUYLER, of New York.
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, of Massachusetts.
ANDREW CARNEGIE, of New York.
JOHN G. CARLISLE, of New York.
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, of Harvard University.
W. G. SUMNER, of Yale College.
C. H. PARKHURST, of New York.

Correspondence

Bishop Potter's Letter

[From many replies to the letter of Bishop Potter printed under the heading "Truth First" in The Outlook for March 11, we have selected the following as expressing the general tenor of our correspondents' views. The position of The Outlook was stated in the editorial remarks following Bishop Potter's letter, and need not here be restated. In this general connection we may say that The Outlook will soon print a special article giving the results of a careful examination into the dispensary system of South Carolina.—THE EDITORS.]

I.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Admit a word from one whose reverence for Bishop Potter is great. "The Prohibitionist is arrogant, denunciatory, ignorant, unscrupulous, and untruthful," and "the grotesque hypocrisy of the Prohibition system from Maine to Kansas is a sufficient commentary upon his theories." Could the most "fanatical" and "hysterical" of the opposers of the Bishop's views go to greater lengths in statement?

May I further question the wisdom and point of the oft-quoted preference of the Bishop of Peterborough—"I had rather see England free than sober"? Could unsober England be "free"? Is there a worse slavery than that to appetite?

New York City. S. J. B.

II.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The letter of Bishop Potter in your issue of March 11 is very disappointing to one who desires to see the cause of true temperance advance. Surely any one who would make the statement that Prohibitionists are "arrogant, denunciatory, ignorant, unscrupulous, and untruthful" can hardly be taken as a safe advocate of the "true temperance" which you mention in your comment. The very fact of his making such a statement might almost justify us—if we were indeed so "denunciatory" as he says—in asking if the phrase might not be rightly applied to one who could so write.

I write merely to protest, however, not to recriminate. I am a Prohibitionist and a Christian—which I could not be were the Bishop correct. I have heard many Prohibitionists express themselves on Prohibition. I have heard few "denounce" anything but intemperance, selfishness, and sordidness; none to whom either

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"arrogant," "unscrupulous," or "untruthful" could be applied; and though all were, of course, more or less "ignorant," I doubt if any showed such prejudice as the Bishop has shown in his letter. A "Prohibitionist" merely means one who believes that a prohibitory law is, under the circumstances, advisable. Many may believe this, for many and, it may be, opposing reasons. We are not responsible for each other's judgment, but I believe the majority of those who favor Prohibition are Christian men and women whose hearts go out—as I well believe does the Bishop's—to those who suffer, and who desire to know and then apply the best means for righting what is wrong.

I can understand how the Bishop might be opposed to Prohibition as a temperance measure, and shall, for one, be glad to learn from him, in any wise, suggestions he may have for bettering the condition of others, and shall certainly give him credit for sincerity in these suggestions, even if they cannot be accepted; but I fear that certain parts of his letter are only too well calculated to shake the faith of many who would be glad to believe in his good judgment.

I hold no brief for all Prohibitionists. It may be that some are short-sighted in their aims and narrow in their views—all great causes have had such in their ranks—but Bishop Potter has hardly taken the most tactful way, to say the least, of correcting these when he denounces them as "unscrupulous;" nor has he taken the wisest way of convincing the "broad wing" of the Prohibitionists of the error of their ways and of the lofty temperateness of his views by calling them "arrogant, denunciatory, ignorant, and untruthful." A. E. L.

Walsh, Ontario.

III.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am surprised, and I confess grieved, that you should be willing to stand, as you do, apologists for Bishop Potter, when he declares that Neal Dow, Joseph Cook, Addison P. Foster, and Miss Frances E. Willard, *et id omne genus*, are "the most perfect reproduction of the Pharisees that has appeared in our day," and that they are "arrogant, denunciatory, ignorant, unscrupulous, and untruthful." And, further, that the "prohibition system, from Maine to Kansas," is a "grotesque hypocrisy."

You say "it is not surprising that he [Bishop Potter] speaks, not only with force, but with indignation." But you do not *seem* to think that the woman whose husband comes home drunk every night—made drunk by a man to whom the State gives authority to make people drunk—that she or her friends have any excuse for feeling warmly, and sometimes speaking hastily, upon the subject! The Outlook has had a great deal to say about Prohibitionists who try to dictate to men what they shall eat and what they shall drink. Now I protest that Prohibitionists have never for one moment attempted to stand on any such ground as that.

The Outlook has also taken the position that State prohibition of the liquor traffic is wrong in *principle;* and that, because it interferes with personal liberty. If we say that State prohibition is *impracticable*, that is one thing. But when we put over against it local option, on the score of principle, to be logical and consistent, we must go down through the county, the town, the school district, the family, to the individual. Then, if he should be divided against himself, his right hand should have the privilege of offering liquor for sale, while his left hand tries to inflict the penalty of the law. No; if the State has any right whatever to legislate for the well-being of its citizens, it has the *right*—whether the power or not—to suppress the saloon. No prohibitive law has ever attempted to say what a man shall drink or what he shall not drink. Prohibition guards personal liberty. It does not permit one man, from selfish ends, to ruin the homes of his neighbors, and to inflict suffering and misery upon the whole commonwealth—that is all. If the State has no right to suppress a nuisance, then let us understand what the object of human government really is. Let us understand from whence it derives its authority.

It is constantly reiterated that Prohibitionists will not work with others. I have never found Prohibitionists (although there may be some) who would not most gladly work with others—just so far as others would go in really trying to suppress the saloon. If only a very little can be done, do so much. But when others say, "License the saloon; keep it open; give it

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the authorization of the statute law," then they reply, "We can't go with you." On this account, are they a "reproduction of the Pharisees"? are they "hypocrites"? Now as to charitable regard for others. Was Miss Willard in the habit of setting down Bishop Potter, *et id omne genus*, as so many liars? Did Neal Dow do so? But *you* say some of the Prohibitionists are not liars! Who is going to separate the innocent from the guilty? I am a Prohibitionist. It is a matter of some interest to me to know where I stand.

Now, I have written sharply, perhaps "intemperately"! I wonder what you will think of it! I wonder how far "Christian liberty," as defined by yourselves, will be conceived to extend on the other side of the fence. J. O. B.

Stonington, Conn.

IV.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In discussing the saloon question in your valuable journal, has it ever occurred to you that there is one phase of this question which is entirely overlooked by you, and which is liable to suppress the perfect liberty which you say must precede sobriety? What you say about Prohibition may apply to most States, but is liable to do harm in a State like Kansas, where we have constitutional prohibition. Here the whole question at present is not primarily whether or not Prohibition is folly, but whether our citizens are justified in deliberately ignoring the Constitution and the laws of the State of Kansas bearing upon the drink traffic. Bishop Potter's letter and The Outlook's comments, it seems to me, do not take this phase of the question into account. The result is misleading, at least in this State. In our local community, for example, some excellent Christian citizens have adopted the same position as that held by The Outlook, viz., to make the liquor traffic bear its own burdens by imposing a tax upon it, while a few others favor the tax to be relieved of their own burdens. These men have signed a petition asking the City Council to go back to the old method of taxation, and ignore Prohibition. This petition virtually asks our authorities to violate their oaths of office and to strike a blow at our State Constitution. How does this accord with good citizenship and with Romans xiii.? Could you take the same position in Kansas that you are taking in New York? L. C. S.

Great Bend, Kan.

The Biblical Explorations in Egypt

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Splendid as are the discoveries in Egypt relating to every department of human learning and progress, none surpass in value those which relate to Old Testament history and to the teachings of Christ and his disciples and followers in the earliest days of Christianity. Here the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund appeals with unique interest to Christian people everywhere. The papyri with the earliest texts of the Gospels far exceed in interest to such the texts of the newly found lines of Homer and stanzas of Sappho, or the ancient text of Thucydides.

The Egypt Exploration Fund must appeal earnestly for many more subscriptions; even five dollars secures an ample return in the fine illustrated quarto volume of the year and the annual "Archæological Report" brochure.

Fifty bishops of the Episcopal Church, eminent ministers of all denominations, one hundred and ten university or college presidents, have subscribed. All services by the honorary officials are a gratuity. I simply ask now that all interested address for our illustrated circulars the Rev. William Copley Winslow, or Mrs. Buckman, Secretary, at the National office, 59 Temple Street, Boston. Other information gladly given. A request for circulars will be promptly answered.

WILLIAM C. WINSLOW,
Vice-President and Hon. Secretary.

Boston, Mass.

Not Jeffersonian Expansion

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of the 11th ult., in your article "The Duty of the President," you say, page 346: "Mr. Cleveland, in the name of Jeffersonian Democracy, is crying out against that policy of expansion the successful execution of which by Jefferson constitutes his greatest claim to distinction as a statesman."

I am a warm admirer of Mr. Cleveland, but my admiration would have cooled if I had ever seen an utterance of his "crying out against" *Jeffersonian* expansion, meaning thereby the acquisition and an-

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nexation of contiguous territory such as the Louisiana purchase, Florida, California, etc.

Mr. Cleveland opposed Hawaiian expansion, and now opposes the Philippine acquisition; but such expansion—including Porto Rico—bears no more relation to Jeffersonian expansion (in my estimation) than the McKinley and Dingley ideas of protection to our grown-up stalwart industries bear to those established in Jefferson's time for the protection and building up of what were really "infant industries." Then duties ranging from five to fifteen per cent. were deemed sufficient. G. W. B.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. What intellectual influence and spiritual movements contributed to the creation of the New Theology movement? 2. Who were the principal characters contributing to the formation of this new tendency? 3. What other works besides Bascom's "The New Theology" are devoted to its discussion? Where can I find a discussion of the origin and history of this new theology? 4. Do you think Jesus was acquainted with the religious ideas and ideals of Buddha? 5. Is it not true that the ideas and teachings of ancient Persian religions were circulated in Palestine before the time of Christ? 6. Is there anything original in the doctrines and ordinances of Christianity? J. F. N.

1, 2, and 3. The so-called new theology runs back to the Greek Fathers. In theology proper, or the doctrine of God, there is perhaps no better exponent of it than Clement of Alexandria, in the second and third centuries. To trace its history, particularly in its difference from the Augustinian theology popularly known as Calvinism, read Professor Allen's "Continuity of Christian Doctrine." To get a modern statement embodying its essential postulates and its vital spirit, read the theological lectures by Professor W. N. Clarke, of Colgate University (Scribners, New York). Among its representative men are Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, Arminius of Holland, the Cambridge Platonists in the seventeenth century, Schleiermacher, Coleridge, Channing. Its development in the American churches was traced in The Outlook in an article on "Progressive Orthodoxy," September 25, 1897. We can refer you to nothing further. 4. There is no ground for thinking so. 5. It is quite probable that the Persian influence appears in the later Jewish doctrines of angels, resurrection, and judgment. 6. The original thing in Christianity was not in knowledge but in spirit and life, which set old truths in new light, put them in a new way, and endued them with new power.

The following questions were recently submitted by an evangelical body to a candidate seeking admission: 1. Do you believe in the deity of Jesus Christ? 2. Do you believe that our only hope of salvation from sin is in the reconciling death of Jesus Christ? 3. Do you believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, and is now our resurrection and life? 4. Do you believe in the Bible as the final authority in matters of doctrine and conduct? 5. Do you believe that all men are spiritual sons of God? 6. Do you believe that a church should admit all respectable people, irrespective of their attitude toward Christ and the Bible? How would these questions be met by one from your theological standpoint? Would it be fair to answer, say, the first four, by a simple yes or no? H. W.

Of these questions, No. 3 can be answered by *yes*, and No. 6 by *no*. The rest cannot be fairly and fully answered thus. No. 4 opens the further question, "What is the Bible?"—its contents in gross, or its net content as certified by Jesus Christ? No. 5 leaves it doubtful whether "spiritual" is intended in the natural sense, as in "father of spirits" (Hebrews xii., 9), or in the ethical sense, according to Romans viii., 14, 15. In the first case, yes! in the second, no! No. 1 requires further definition from the questioner's point of view. Does he think of deity as exclusively in Christ or as inclusively in the humanity of which Christ is head? No. 2 likewise leaves one in uncertainty which of two opposite conceptions of atonement the questioner expects to be affirmed or denied. It seems to be a straightforward but is really a shallow and sophistical way of getting at things which this process of cornering illustrates. It is worth noting that Jesus repeatedly refused to be cornered thus by questions superficially definite but intrinsically charged with ambiguity. See Matthew xi., 3; John x., 24.

Will you kindly inform me what is the significance, meaning, or import of "Napoleon's bees"? Reference is often made to them, and in the engraving of the Throne-Room at Fon-

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tainebleau the drapery is covered with golden bees. The new flag unfurled at Elba, when Napoleon was exiled to that island, is said to have been "Napoleon's bees." L. C. P.

We find the following in a recent issue of the New York "Sun:"

In reference to the Napoleonic "bees," may I quote from Woodward and Burnett's "Heraldry," page 281 (Burnett was Lyon King at Arms): "Bees are often used in armoury as an emblem of industry and perseverance. The Emperor Napoleon replaced the proscribed fleur-de-lis by golden bees, which he used as decorations for his coronation robes, and also employed in the heraldic augmentations hereafter described. The origin of the assumption of the bees by Napoleon as an imperial badge is curious. In the year 1653 there was discovered at Tournay a tomb supposed to be that of Childeric, died 480, father of Clovis. Among the precious articles inclosed therein or found in proximity to it were about 300 small objects of gold and fine stones, which somewhat resembled in shape an insect, to which the name of "bees" was given. These and the other contents of the tomb were presented to Louis XIV. by the Archbishop of Mentz, and long preserved in the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris. These so-called bees were stolen in 1832, and only two remain at the present day. . . . Among those present at the discovery was . . . Jean Jacques Chifflet, at that time physician to the Archduke Leopold, Governor of the Netherlands, and author of "Insignia." Chifflet was ordered by the Archduke to write an account of the discovery, and in his opinion these golden insects had been employed as the decorations of Childeric's royal mantle, which very possibly was the case. But Chifflet went further, and declared that in these insects was to be found the origin of the fleur-de-lis. This statement occasioned a great literary controversy, and the assertion was very hotly contested by Tristan de St. Armand (Traite du Lis, 1656), and later by that celebrated antiquarian, Montfaucon, in his great work. . . . The Emperor Napoleon, whose ambition it was to pose as the successor of princes anterior to the line of Capet, assumed these bees as the badge of his new empire, and, as has been stated, caused them to be largely employed among its heraldic designs. . . . L. D.

1. What difference is there between the Greek words ἀίδιος of Jude 6 as applied to the punishment of the fallen angels, and αἰώνιος of Romans xvi., 26, as applied to God? 2. What difference is there between the Hebrew "ad" of Isaiah ix., 6, and the "olam" of Isaiah xl., 28, both being applied to the deity? 3. Can an event happen which we could not speak of correctly as having happened in eternity; is not time simply that portion of eternity which the finite mind comprehends? Does the word eternity apply any more to the future than to the past?

A Seeker after Truth.

1. Comparing Jude 6 with 7, where αἰώνιος is used of the punishment of Sodom and Gomorrah, these two words seem interchangeable. The word ἀίδιος is also applied in Romans i., 20, to deity. Both words are in themselves indefinite in regard to the duration they imply. They get whatever definiteness in that point they carry from the substantive they are attached to, so that they may imply longer or shorter duration according to their connection. 2. These two words mean about the same, as in Psalm xxi., 4, where they are coupled, like the English "forever and aye." Like the Greek word above, they are indefinite terms. But in Isaiah ix. the reference is not to deity, but to a prince of glorious renown, evermore the father of his people. "Mighty God" in this connection means no more than "mighty lord." 3. This is so: all time is in eternity, since all live, as St. Paul says, "in God."

Can the editor of The Outlook tell how it is that men belonging to the liberal wing of the Orthodox body speak with admiration of Jonathan Edwards? . . . The Presbyterian Board of Publication saw fit to reprint Edwards's sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." . . . That a professed servant of God should so far misrepresent him as is done in that sermon seems to me a thousand times more blasphemous than anything that could fall from the lips of the most confirmed swearer. . . . Were I one of the gentle and reverent men of the new school of Orthodoxy, the name of the author would never pass my lips, any more than would that of the son whose career had been the family disgrace.

E. F. N.

No man is to be judged by any one utterance, still less by that utterance dissociated from the prevailing ideas of the time and measured by the standard of a later, broader, and brighter epoch. If you wish to obtain an impartial and just estimate of Jonathan Edwards's character and writings from the point of view of one who theologically and ecclesiastically differs widely from him, but is broad-minded enough to see the good in schools from which he dissents, see the biography of Jonathan Edwards by A. V. G. Allen, of the Cambridge Divinity School, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Kindly give me light on the following: 1. In Luke iv., 23-27, our Lord seems to have purposely antagonized his audience, when it had given him a very kindly reception. 2. John vii., 42, seems to indicate that there were honest inquirers who were not aware of the fact that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, and it would

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seem to be proper that the Lord should have set them right. 3. In 2 Timothy iii., 16, is the original of the word "scripture" one that denotes any class of writings, or only sacred writings? Did it indicate specifically only such writings as are now included in the Old Testament? C. W. J.

1. See verse 22. The main part of the discourse does not seem to be recorded, *i. e.*, "the words of grace," but only its conclusion. From verse 23 one may infer that the people had demanded a sign or miracle to be wrought before them. This was what Jesus always refused. He seems to have referred to Elijah and Elisha to justify his refusal in this case. 2. No genuine inquirer for truth estimates a prophet by the place of his nativity. But in this case the questioning does not seem to have been addressed to Jesus, but to have been between individuals in the crowd. However, considering the points on which the Jews took issue with Jesus, it is unlikely that they would have been otherwise disposed by evidence of his birth at Bethlehem. (See John v., 16–18; xi., 48.) 3. It refers only to the Old Testament writings.

Please advise me regarding the best books on the following subjects: (1) The history of sacrifice in the Old Testament and in other religions; (2) the best sources of information for the results of the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research; (3) where can I find works on the philosophical basis of Protestantism? H. F. R.

1. See Dr. H. C. Trumbull's "The Blood Covenant" (Scribners, $2), and Professor W. R. Smith's "Religion of the Semites" (Appleton, $4). 2. The publications of the Society, for which address the Secretary of the Society, 5 Boylston Place, Boston. The last two volumes of the "Proceedings" are of special importance. 3. In a strictly philosophical view, Protestantism has no distinct basis from that of Romanism. Its distinctive basis is ethical, in a difference concerning the "seat of authority." See Dr. Martineau's work under that title (Longmans, Green & Co., New York); also Dr. Briggs's on "The Bible, the Church, and the Reason" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

Can any reader of The Outlook tell me where in Macaulay's writings he refers to the way the British Government tolerated every faith in India except Christianity? He spoke, so it is said, about the Government repairing temples, gilding idols, furnishing dancing-girls, escorting pilgrims to shrines of worship, and making actual oblations before the idols. Where in his works can the passage be found? A. M.

We think it is in his volume of short essays and reviews on the Educational Policy of the Government of India. Some strictures of similar tenor occur in his essay on Mr. Gladstone's theory of Church and State.

Is there a book, or are there books, which give any comparison between the Genesis stories and the creation narratives of other Semitic peoples than the Jews? Would you kindly name them, giving authors, publishers, and prices? W. F. S.

Mr. George Smith's "Chaldæan Account of Genesis," in its revised edition by Professor Sayce, gives the narratives of the creation, deluge, etc., but leaves it to the reader to compare them with the Biblical accounts. (Scribners, New York, $3.)

Will you kindly reconcile for me Matthew vi., 13, and James i., 2. B.

The first is appropriate to the humble self-distrust which avoids scenes of temptation. The second rightly expresses the faithful struggler's trust in Him who giveth the victory. The two are as perfectly reconcilable as are an earnest avoidance of war and a cheerful fighting through an inevitable conflict.

In your suggestions to "A." (February 11) regarding "books on the Decalogue," you omitted one which I found invaluable in recent studies on the Commandments. May I have the liberty of adding to your suggestion "The Ten Commandments," by R. W. Dale, LL.D.? W. C. S.

We would also add to our list Canon Farrar's "Voice from Sinai" (T. Whittaker, New York).

Where can I find the best exposition of the philosophy of prayer? R. E. H.

See Dr. Hedge's "Reason in Religion" and Dr. J. F. Clarke's "Christian Doctrine of Prayer" (American Unitarian Association, Boston); also "The Forum" for May, 1897, on "Fallacies Concerning Prayer."

Will you name a few of the best books for reference and study on the subject of the evolution of religion? INQUIRER.

Caird's "Evolution of Religion" (Macmillan), Tiele's "Elements of the Science of Religion" (Scribners), Lang's "Making of Religion" (Longmans).

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For the Little People

Two Family Friends

A white horse has for years taken part in a play. His part has been so well, so intelligently, taken that he has delighted the audience and been the pet of the actresses and actors in the play. At one place in the play his head only was seen, as he seemed to stand in a barn the loft of which was filled with hay and straw. One night this seeming loft was so badly put up that after the curtain rose the platform, with its hay and straw, settled down on the horse's back, a heavy and wholly unexpected load. The leading actor, who owned the horse, saw what had happened, and expected to see the horse kick and throw over the whole scene. Instead, the horse stood still, just his ears showing his excitement, not only through the act, but until the curtain fell the second time on the tableaux. Then he kicked and threw the burden off.

Last year, because some blacksmith who did not know his trade shod this horse, his foot was injured, and after a time it had to be taken off. His owner had him cared for tenderly in a pretty stable, and last week he died, just after his owner came back from Europe. His owner says that when he saw the greatest English actor of our time, he asked, "How is my brother professional, Dandy?" Dandy was the horse's name in private life; on the stage he had another name.

It is said that when Dandy heard his master's voice the other day, though he had not heard it in two years, he whinnied.

There was a white horse in Connecticut who was as important a member of the family almost as the baby. The boys of the family at times acted as if he were far more important. This horse's name was Bill. He would put his nose in the pocket of any coat or jacket that came into his stall. If there were no sugar nor apples there for him, his big brown eyes would roll round at the wearers with a most reproachful glance. Each child and grown person felt sure that Bill had a special note in his whinnying when he or she walked toward the barn. He showed very clearly that he knew who was driving him. For he started off with different gaits with different members of the family. When the father had the reins, away Bill would go, with arching neck and quick trot. When the mother of the boys held the reins, Bill walked off with the most comfortable step, saying plainly, "The children are in; I must be careful." One day when the snow was on the roads hard and smooth, and the sun was shining brightly, making a beautiful winter day, the mother thought she would take a sleigh-ride into town with auntie. Bill was harnessed, and the children waved a happy good-by as the sleigh went out the gate. He trotted along as if he were saying, "This is one of the few times mother goes away without the children; she shall have a good time if I can make it." He fairly skimmed over the road, and mother looked like a rosy school-girl in her fur hood.

Coming back, quite near home, Bill slipped going down a steep hill, and then fell, the sleigh gliding over his back. He never moved, never made the least attempt to get up. Just as plainly as a horse could say it, Bill said, "I know just what has happened. I'll keep still until the sleigh is righted."

Mother and auntie got out, pushed the sleigh back, and Bill, without a word being spoken to him, rose to his feet. How distressed and troubled he looked! While mother and auntie were brushing the snow off and getting into the sleigh, Bill looked first over one shoulder, then over the other, with a beseeching glance. When he started down the hill again, he stepped so carefully that he seemed to be testing the road. As he entered the gate he seemed to ask that nothing might be said of that accident on the hill!

Bill grew up with the family, growing gray like father and mother. Each child as it grew up and left the home bade Bill good-by. He could have told, if we could understand his language, of the blonde and brown heads that had rested on his shoulder, and the warm, damp places that were there when the heads were lifted. He

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could have told, too, of the kisses that were left on his nose, the strong arms that had been placed on his neck, when these boys and girls came home from school and from business in the city. And he would have liked, doubtless, to understand the excitement when, one day, the biggest boy came with a sweet, young-looking lady and a long white bundle, and put it on Bill's back, saying, "William, my son, this is my chum, Bill," while all the family stood about. Bill understood perfectly the gifts of sugar and apples, the pats and the pressings; but that white bundle —that was a mystery.

Some Sights in the Philippines

Just now we are all interested in the Philippines. We want to know about the people and how they live. Many most interesting things are told about them. Among other facts we learn that they do things the same way year after year, even though that way is the most expensive and the hardest. The people do not like change, and do not want to learn from foreigners. There is one island the chief industry of which is cattle-raising. Instead of building a dock at which the vessels could make a landing, where a gang-plank from the dock to the vessel would make it possible for the cattle to walk aboard the vessel, the cattle are driven into the water and made to swim to the side of the boat, which cannot get near the shore for lack of water. Then ropes are fastened about the horns of the cattle, the donkey-engine on the vessel is set going, and the cattle are hoisted over the side of the ship, kicking and bellowing. On another island the inhabitants are nearly all women —ninety out of every hundred. The men cannot earn a living, and they leave the island when mere boys. The women do all the work that is done. They come off to the vessels with chickens, eggs, and fruit to sell.

We think it very improper and impolite to eat with knives, but in the Philippines it is perfectly proper to carry the food from the plate to the mouth on the knife. An American gentleman gave a dinner to some Spanish gentlemen. The host kept his cutlery sharp. One of the Spanish gentleman asked to have his knife changed, because it was so sharp he could not eat with it. This was after he had cut his tongue. A charming old Spanish gentleman expressed regret that his hand had begun to tremble, and he could no longer eat peas with his knife.

The beds in the Philippines are four-post beds, and handsome. Instead of springs, there is a support woven like our cane-seated chairs. A thin sleeping-mat is laid over this, and then a sheet. After one has become used to it, it is said to be a perfect bed for a warm climate. The dress of the people does not change as with us, but remains the same—loose flowing robes of thin material, suited to a hot climate, for the women and children, and loosely made thin cotton trousers and shirts for the men.

There are said to be twelve hundred islands in the group, and the natives differ greatly; some are scarcely civilized and wear little clothing and live in mere huts.

The Seamstress

Miss Dorothy Dot, in her little red chair,
Put her thimble on with a matronly air,

And said: "From this piece of cloth, I guess,
I'll make my baby brother a lovely dress."

She pulled her needle in and out,
And over and under and round about,

And through and through, till the snowy lawn
Was bunched and crumpled and gathered and drawn.

She sewed and sewed to the end of her thread;
Then, holding her work to view, she said:

"This isn't a baby dress, after all;
It's a bonnet for my littlest doll!"

—*St. Nicholas.*

Where Were They Going?

Recently a steam tug was going through Long Island Sound. When near the eastern end, the captain thought he saw a canal-boat upturned. He decided to steam for the canal-boat and take it in tow, when it disappeared. The tug turned back to her course, when again a canal-boat was seen, and the captain started to take her in tow; but, to his surprise, another appeared, and another; and then he discovered he was sailing into a school

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of whales. It is hard to tell which was the more greatly surprised, the school of whales or the captain, who had never known them in those waters. Perhaps these were exploring to find better homes, or perhaps they had strayed away from the larger school while on a journey through the Atlantic. After a time they disappeared without one having been caught.

The Home Club

The Home and the Schools

The past few years have witnessed a change in the mental attitude of the public toward public-school questions—in fact, toward the whole subject of education. The relation between the home and the school is but faintly perceived even now; their mutual dependence upon each other is still too often unknown to mothers and teachers. That the food, clothing, ethical training, the moral sentiment of the home, the mental attitude of the home toward the teacher, make the foundation on which the teacher must depend, is far less fully recognized than it should be in the home. Health, not only of body but of soul, is the first essential of good work in the schoolroom, and this depends on the home environment and its influence on teacher and on pupil; for together they form a community in which for four or five hours each day they must live. On children this community life exercises a positive influence, is a dominant factor in forming character.

The teacher is the ruling power in this life. What he or she is determines the kind of life each child must live while in this community. To obtain this position a certain training is necessary, which represents an investment of time and money; and the return on this investment is a business question which must be considered; what, in fact, is the return which is made, which represents the ideal of compensation to the parents of the pupils? Recently special investigations have been made in Pennsylvania as to the salaries paid to teachers in that State. For men $320.24 is the average; for women, $306.64; while it is admitted that there are seventeen teachers in the State who receive less than $100 per year. Last year the teachers in Pennsylvania suffered an average reduction of ninety-four cents, which was greatly appreciated when compared with the reduction of the preceding year of $3.73. It would be quite interesting to discover the relation between the present political conditions controlling in Pennsylvania and her educational standards as revealed in the salaries paid to the teachers in the State public schools. In Massachusetts the average for men is $1,319.50; for women, $483.82—a discrepancy which it is hoped will be adjusted in the near future. New York pays $650 to men, $464 to women.

Some writers estimate that each servant employed in a house costs $300 per annum in rent and food—what each costs in waste cannot be estimated. In wages each costs from $144 to $240, with an average of $192; or a total of $492 per year. For this income rarely is special training any part of the equipment, and it is but recently, it is said, that a maid inquired whether she would have to think; if so, she must charge fifty cents more per week!

How dare parents criticise teachers, in the face of the estimate put upon the latter's services as expressed in wages? When the cost of maintenance is subtracted from a teacher's salary, what margin is left to expend in culture, in fitting herself to keep abreast of the progress in her profession? This is a question for mothers to consider seriously. How can they expect women of intelligence to engage in a profession that means limited opportunity for financial advancement, no matter how honest or earnest the effort made to increase professional ability? A few years ago it was *the* profession open to women of refinement and ability. This is no longer true; a dozen professions offer far better opportunities for the display of ability.

The public sentiment must be educated; the public must see clearly the necessity of keeping a balance between educational standards and the compensation paid to

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teachers. A mother can supplement ignorance, avert its evil effects in her own home, and, though intelligent, be perfectly helpless, because wholly ignorant of the lasting evils, the disastrous effects, of incompetent teaching, unrefined influences, in the school-room upon her children. To raise the standards for teachers, and pay salaries that do not equal that paid to a general housemaid, who is trained by the one who pays her wages, is so unintelligent as to be disgraceful. Let the women of this country take up the question of salaries in the public schools, and at the same time study the conditions controlling appointment and promotions. The waste of public funds is enormous, and this waste is made possible because the people are unintelligent, or indifferent, or both. The waste in educational expenditure affects the body politic at the vital point. It is a waste, not in large salaries, but in inadequate salaries, in salaries paid to incompetency, in the use of the schools to further political ends.

The home is the center of public sentiment in every community. What the majority of the homes in any community demands is expressed in the men it places in power. Nowhere does this expression voice the sentiment of the community more clearly than in the school authorities. A community that places its school administration in the control of men and women whose intelligence and business ability command respect and position in the professional and business world has protected its homes, its country, and its best interests with the true spirit of democracy.

A Suggested Solution

Not until there is a new standard of good breeding in the average American family, I believe, will the servant problem become less strained. The tyrannical child, who ostensibly drives away so many good domestics, is only the positive exponent of the negatively tyrannical mistress and master. He is like the sore that betrays the impurity of the blood. There is something wrong in the treatment of the average domestic servant by the average American family; and the ill-bred, tyrannous, abusive child is the unwitting betrayal of this fact.

The above is from an article in the "American Kitchen Magazine," by James Buckham, entitled "Children and the Servant Problem." All fair-minded mothers will admit that Mr. Buckham has forcibly stated one of the factors that make the servant problem. What is the remedy? A few months of child-study from the kitchen standpoint, followed by a few weeks of child-study from the waitress's standpoint, followed by a few weeks of child-study from the chambermaid's standpoint. If the mothers who have nurses will study the child from the nurse's standpoint, they will make their children appreciate the services not warranted in the bond, and will arouse gratitude that expresses itself in thoughtful consideration and courtesy. Too many American children are snobs in their relation to servants, in their social relation to all service. We see it revealed in restaurants, hotels, cars, stores, boats. Such children reflect the home attitude toward service. The discourtesies of which we complain, and which we endure from those employed to serve the public, are, to a very great degree, the armor of self-protection against the bad manners to which they must submit. There is no doubt that the child-study principle applied to the servant problem would result in loosening the strain on many households, not only on mistress, but on maid. Especially is this true in the homes where wages are supposed to make consideration and courtesy unnecessary.

Two Classes

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

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Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—*Selected.*

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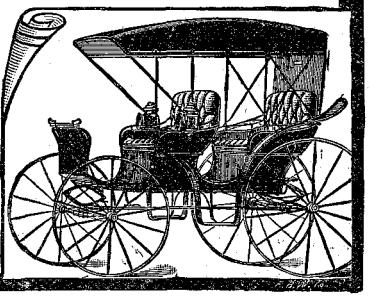

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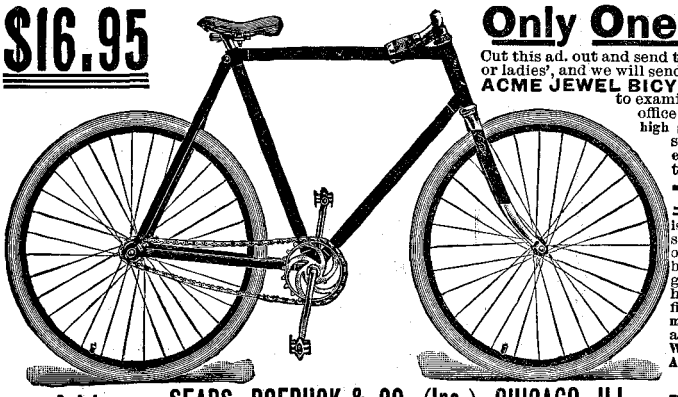

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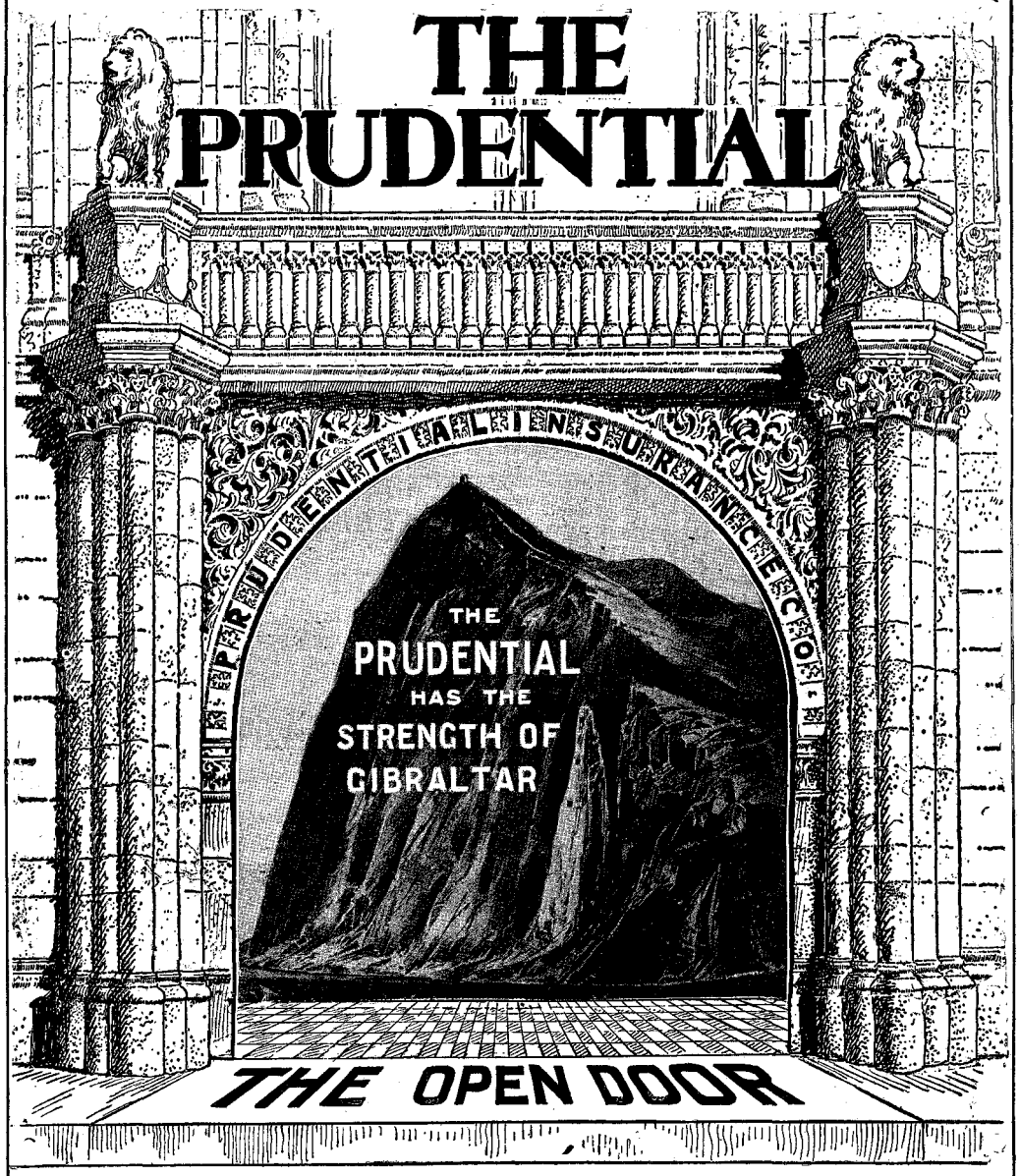

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